



# B'NAI B'RITH MAGAZINE

## THE NATIONAL JEWISH MONTHLY

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# THE B'NAI B'RITH MAGAZINE

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## Editorial Comment

### Three Great Jews Pass On

THEY were—

Ludwig Stein, renowned German philosopher. Leopold Auer, celebrated musician, the teacher of great violinists.

Rudolph Schildkraut, famous actor.

Of these Auer went away from Judaism, but who of us may escape being a Jew? Jews embraced Auer as Jew. His violin sang the lament of the ghosts of ancestral Jews that were in him.

The three reflect the rich variety of the Jew. They became cosmic figures and when Jews reach such stature, the world ceases to think of them as Jews.

If he had been a lesser philosopher, he would have been Ludwig Stein the Jew. But in his greatness all Germany took him and he was revered as Ludwig Stein the German.

As a humble fiddler, he would have been Leopold Auer the Jew. But Jew-hating Russia enfolded Auer, the master, and called him Auer the Russian.

A struggling actor would have been Rudolph Schildkraut, the Jew. But the surpassing actor was Rudolph Schildkraut the Austrian.

We remember the hateful man who fed his stepson on a crust, let him sleep in the barn, gave him rags for garments and, at length, drove him off.

The boy prospered, became renowned in the land, in time, was honored by the king even. One day affairs of state took him back to his native town, and there was a procession with trumpet-blowing and singing for the native son.

The stepfather stationed himself on the steps of the town hall and as the distinguished man entered, he fell on his neck crying, "My beloved son! My dear, dear son!"

\* \* \*

### The Passion in the Passion Play

A NON-JEW to a Jew: "You object to our teaching of the crucifixion. May I ask, as friend to friend, what right you Jews have to object to a teaching of another religion? Certainly, we would not undertake to intrude on your teachings, even though we might disagree with your concepts."

The Jew to the non-Jew: "We do not object to your teaching of the crucifixion or the ethical lessons you draw therefrom. But we object when in your teaching you crucify all the Jews as well. We know that the sufferings of the Jews for 2,000 years have flowed primarily from this teaching that the Jews crucified Jesus. It is given to the child even before he has ar-

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rived at years of understanding; it grows up with him, an endowment of hate. We object. We appeal against the cross being made an instrument of hate in the name of the one who, as you are taught, died on it for the love of mankind."

Dedicated to exemplify this love, the Oberammergau Passion Play spread the timeless prejudice throughout the past summer. David Ewen, a Jewish writer, was at Oberammergau and reports as follows in the Jewish Tribune:

"Throughout the whole Passion Play the Jew is put in the most despicable light. From the opening scene when Jesus is seen appearing in the market place taunted by groups of Jews, until the cruel end when he is crucified, the Jew is etched in dark and somber colors. . . .

"When Jesus, bleeding and in pain, dies upon the cross the anger of the audience against the Jew is audible. . . .

"I was able to stay in town another evening and see what havoc the Passion Play had wrought. It had insidiously instilled hate into their hearts. . . . For the Passion Play's greatest aim was to exalt Christianity by pushing Judaism into the mire; to exalt the Christian by splashing mud upon the Jew. . . . I am convinced that as long as there are Passion plays, so long will it be impossible for a spiritual understanding between Jew and Christian to arise."

\* \* \*

### **A New Sin Is Found Against Us**

IS there unethical practice among some Christian business men? Do they covet larger profits than are their just due? Do they oppress their workers?

Well, they should be pitied more than scorned. They have been corrupted by the Judaistic Old Testament. Thus misled from childhood, they followed their infancy on the New Testament, but the Old Testament briefly touched their lives and by this they were ruined.

This appears to be the thesis of one John T. Flynn, writing in The Forum under the title "God's Gold." He cites several instances of unsocial practice in Old Testament stories and suggests that the low ethics of some business men flow from these examples.

This accusation possesses, at least, the merit of novelty. Hitherto we, as a people, have been made to carry the sins of individuals among us. This puts the sins of mankind upon our necks.

If a Christian business man by specious financial statements causes many to buy his worthless stock, it was the Jewish Bible that prompted him to this.

If a Christian banker misuses the funds of the public for his own ends, he is the victim of Jewish Bible teachings casually picked up, perhaps surreptitiously acquired at the time he was supposed to be applying his young mind only to the New Testament portion of his Bible.

To such absurd conclusions Flynn's thesis must follow. The thing would scarcely be worth noticing were it not given currency in a responsible publication.

The misled business man is presumed to have missed in the Old Testament such ethical teaching as is given in Leviticus:

"Thou shalt not defraud thy neighbor, neither rob him. The wages of him that is hired shall not abide with thee all night until the morning."

"Ye shall not do unrighteousness in judgment thou shalt not respect the person of the poor, nor honor the person of the mighty; but in righteousness shall thou judge thy neighbor.

"Thou shalt not hate thy brother in thine heart.

"Ye shall do no unrighteousness in judgment, in meteyard, in weight, or in measure. Just balances, just weights, a just ephah and a just hin shall you have."

We think that in these commandments lie a perfect code of ethics for business men.

\* \* \*

### **Our Co-Religionists, The Irish Jews**

OH yes, there are such, and the one who might be called the chief rabbi of the Irish Jews has been visiting the United States to make his compatriot known to American Jews. His name: Abraham Gundansky of Dublin, minister of the Hebrew Congregation of Dublin.

And how long have the Jews been living in Ireland? Two hundred and ninety-two years before America was discovered Jews were in Ireland; for there is a record which speaks of Jews in Ireland in the year 1200.

And how many of them are in Ireland? Six thousand is the number of them and their distinct Jewish quality is suggested by the fact that in the city of Dublin where there are 4,000 of them there are no less than five synagogues.

And where did the present Irish Jews come from? Are they all to the Irish manor born? Well, many of them are Litvaks who have been immigrating from Russia since the 80's.

And what do they do in Ireland? They are tradesmen, professional men and it is said of them, as is said of Jews everywhere, that they look well after their own people and permit no poor Jew to fall upon the charity of the authorities.

They know of anti-Semitism as a disease which afflicts distant brethren, for it is not seen in Ireland whence all the snakes were driven out long ago, as is told.

Indeed, what is there to be said of the Irish Jews that can not be said of the Jew wherever he has been permitted to enjoy peace and liberty. The Irish Jew in the main an immigrant, came to Ireland poor, struggled courageously for a foothold among these strangers, made a good life, became a good citizen respected of his neighbors, educated his children to be effective members of the community, kept the faith.

\* \* \*

### **The Champion, Mr. Al Singer**

A READER says: "The Jewish newspapers make so much of this Al Singer, the new lightweight champion. Singer happens to be a Jew but has his victory any association with Jewish life? Certainly not! Why, then, do our Jewish newspapers exploit his victory as if it were something that belongs to us, the Jewish people? Don't you think there is too much of this pointing-with-pride in Jewry?"

We answer him: "Of course, this Singer did not fight as a Jew or is there any Jewish implication in his victory. And yet it must be admitted that a champion boxer who is a Jew is an interesting phenomenon in Jewish American life."

He is, indeed, a more interesting Jewish specimen than our jazz-singers, our violinists, our intellectuals; or these spring naturally from ancestral hearts that have been weeping these thousands of years and from ancestral minds which were thinking in a world in which most minds were still groping.

But a Jewish boxer! A champion! What did his forefathers know of giving blows? In all their days in East Europe ghettos blows were things to be suffered rather than delivered. They were to be received and never returned, save at peril of life; never a fair fight but always a one-sided assault.

When his forefathers came to this country, doubtless, they fled up alleys from boys throwing stones, from hoodlums pulling beards . . . And so the years passed and suddenly a Singer turns with fighting in his fists . . . With hard blows . . . With giving as well as taking . . . As if the ghost of an inhibited ancestor were in him, at last giving back, vicariously, the blows he got.

Certainly, this Singer is rather an intriguing manifestation in Jewish life. We need not point with pride at Jewish boxers, but we may stand with wonder at Jews, only a generation or two away from cramping ghettos, but strong, agile, and graceful of body, eager with physical courage, hitting hard.

\* \* \*

### Non-Jew Offers Testimony

**T**IMES are hard but still we are comfortable. The roof is still over our heads; we eat regularly; good clothing is on our backs; our feet are shod; the children have not lost a day in school.

Some of us may have had to dismiss one of several servants, to sell one of several autos, to cut shorter the winter vacation in Florida, to postpone a voyage to Europe.

What do we know of affliction? Have we been in Poland? Recently a special correspondent of the Manchester (Eng.) *Guardian* was there and through his eyes let us look at affliction.

"The great mass of Polish Jews live in poverty that to the western European who sees it for the first time is almost unbelievable; he rubs his eyes, wondering whether he is not in a bad dream," this correspondent writes. "What makes this poverty doubly terrible is the anti-Semitism that keeps the Jews imprisoned in their dark ghettos of disease and want. . . .

"Polish Jews cannot get employment in any government factory, in gas or electrical works, in the post office and telegraph service, or, of course, in munition or armament factories, or in the bureaucracy. After a long and obstinate struggle a few—not more than 10 or 12—are now employed on the Warsaw tramways. . . . Many private firms, including some of the big textile factories at Lodz, refuse to employ Jews. Only here and there, as in Bialystok, is the anti-Semitic boycott broken.

"The bias against Jews is everywhere. They feel it in the law courts and in the presence of the magistrates, they feel it in school, in polities, in business and at the universities. But the peculiar characteristic of Polish anti-Semitism, making it one of the most dreadful instruments of oppression in the world, is that its main weight falls on the poor, darkening eyes that would be dark enough in any case.

"Thousands of Jewish children have no school at all, for when there is a shortage of room in the State schools the vacancies are filled by Christian children first.

"In all Europe there is surely nothing like the Warsaw ghettos. . . . The houses are either huge, bleak tenements or tumble-down shanties patched up with boards or sheets of tin. . . . Every room is packed. . . . The last home I visited was a low-ceilinged cellar about 20 or 25 feet square. . . . It was so dark that at first it was difficult to distinguish any of the objects therein. This cellar was the home of 16 people, old and young."

Such is affliction in Poland. This picture is offered here in order that Jews in America may see that their own temporary deprivations are trifling. For, shortly, there will come to you the Allied Jewish Campaign asking for means to succor these Polish Jews as well as to assist Jews on farms in Russia and in Palestine.

\* \* \*

### What Has Kept Us Alive?

**B**ECAUSE it has been faithful to its rituals Israel has been preserved, said Edmond Fleg, the renowned French Jew, addressing the Conference on Progressive Judaism.

We guess that M. Fleg did not mean the ritual of synagogues alone; even more the ritual of Jewish homes has saved us. Some of us go far from Jewish life, children wandering from home; but we are never lost. A chain of tender memories from childhood tugs at our hearts and holds us to the faith, like that silken cord which held the wanderer safe in the labyrinthian maze.

Candle lights on the Sabbath. . . . The sweet majesty of fathers at Kiddush. . . . The happiness of Passover feasts. . . . The Chanukah lamp. . . .

These are of the treasures of our youth, beloved because they had to do with mothers and fathers. Their saintly images are associated with these rituals in our hearts. Because these rites came from their hands this Judaism seems the more holy. It is something we honor and cherish the more because it was of their giving. So the Jew, straying far, returns at length in response to the call of his father who stands in his heart greeting Elijah at Seder, in response to the call of his mother who stands blessing candle lights on Sabbath eve.

The father and the mother were priest and priestess of the Jewish temple which was the home.

But what will bring the Jew back if there are no such lovely memories to call him, if the practice of Jewish religion ceases in the home of childhood, if the father and mother are no longer priest and priestess but only lavish providers?

It seems to us that for the preservation of Judaism, Jewish education must not alone build schools; it must re-dedicate the temple that was the Jewish home; it must restore the lovely practises of Judaism that adorned the Jewish home; it must provide the child with tender memories of Judaism which he will revere.

# Making the Jews of America Sport Conscious

A Portrait of Dr. Max Krauss, President of the Hakoah All-Star Soccer Team

By LOUIS MINSKY



HEN the Hakoah Soccer Team of Vienna toured the United States about five years ago, the kicking game received its biggest boost in this country.

Over 50,000 fans, mostly Jews, turned out to one of its games at the Polo Grounds in New York, thus constituting a record attendance for any soccer match. The majority of these Jewish spectators were not at all sport conscious. They were merely attracted because they had an opportunity to see in action one of the greatest of all-Jewish elevens in the world. It was nothing more than chauvinism that brought them in holiday attire to witness the spectacle of two teams booting a ball about. There were old Jews, young Jews, women and girls. Nothing distinguished them as dyed-in-the-wool sport fans. But from that time on we were to see a revolution in the feeling of Jews with regard to sports. No soccer observer in this country, Jew or Gentile, will deny for a moment that the tour of the Vienna Hakoah substantially aided the progress of the game which is the national sport of over 50 countries. But, most important, the inception of the Jewish team from Europe created a Jewish sports following. Thousands of Jewish men and women were henceforth soccer "fans." They followed each match of the Vienna team carefully and when the Europeans departed from the United States after a successful invasion, they gave their support to the professional teams of the American Soccer League circuit.

However, in the following two years the Jewish soccer followers realized that there was an emptiness in their sports life. They had given their wholehearted support to the pro-



Dr. Max Krauss

fessional and to the amateur teams, but there was yet something lacking. No one was more acutely aware of this than Dr. Max Krauss, who was at the time President of the Hakoah Athletic Club of New York. Dr. Krauss, a sportsman and athlete since he was a lad, was directing his energies toward furthering amateur sports among the Jewish youth of New York. He had built up the Hakoah Athletic Club un-



The Hakoah All-Star Soccer Team. Extreme left, Dr. Eugene Bar, Secretary; extreme right, Dr. Max Krauss, President.

til it was the largest Jewish club of its kind in the metropolis. The club was proficient in various sports and fostered four or five soccer teams of unusual excellence. One day Dr. Krauss surveyed the Jewish sports scene and found that it was not complete. And then he knew why the Jewish soccer fans were restless. There was no apotheosis—no all-Jewish major team in the soccer world, which the Jews could back up with all that was in him as the Jewish contribution to the sports world. Thereupon the Hakoah head was resolved to form an all-Jewish team that would be the equal if not the better of the professional teams. He scoured the wealth of Jewish players, imported stars from the Vienna Hakoah team and after a great deal of work and expense selected a formidable team that was ready to take on all comers, naming the eleven after his own club, Hakoah.

Two years ago the soccer world was engaged in an internece war between two factions. The American Soccer League was declared outlawed and a new league formed to take its place. The backbone of the new Eastern Soccer League was the Hakoah all-Jewish team. It had a phenomenal success all through and in 1929 it won the National Challenge Trophy, emblematic of the United States Soccer championship. The team is rated today as one of the foremost soccer units in the country. It has a tremendous Jewish following in every part of the land. Its activities and welfare are controlled in great part by the Jewish sports masses. The Jewish team is recognized not only in this country, but throughout the world. A few months ago it received offers to tour South America, Australia

Europe. Dr. Krauss, who now controls its destinies, accepted the Latin-American tour and the team has just lately returned from the neighboring countries of the Latins, where engaged major teams until early August.

Dr. Krauss resigned from the presidency of the Hakoah Athletic Club last year after being its head for five consecutive seasons, in order to devote his attention to the Hakoah All-Stars. As a sportsman and Zionist he has few equals. His whole life has been with these activities. Born in Hungary on the Transylvania border, he later attended the Franz Joseph University in Kolozswar, where he organized the first Jewish Club in college. The Club, Ezrah, devoted itself mainly to fostering Jewish culture and Zionism. Dr. Krauss's activities in college were not confined to the intellectual side of life. He was one of the foremost athletes of the University, holding championships in high jump, pole vaulting, long jump, and bar lifting. His interest in soccer first showed itself in the organization by him of the first team in his town. In 1912 he organized a Jewish amateur team called Hagiber, which won the championship of Transylvania. He has had a vivid army career as a doctor. He was at one time the chief physician of Chalutzim, going to Palestine from Hungary.

He believes that the Hakoah soccer team is the most popular sports unit in the world and that it has done more to make the Jews of America sport conscious than any other single thing, excepting the tour of the Vienna Hakoah.

I asked Dr. Krauss what difficulties there had been in the way of organizing an all-Jewish team. What, for instance, had been the Gentile reaction towards the idea?

Dr. Krauss replied that the feelings of the managers of the professional clubs had been bitter at times towards the Jewish team.

"The Hakoah gained its place in the sun so rapidly," he said, "that the team was somewhat of an attraction even among the non-Jewish sport fans. This, of course, found favor in the eyes of the managers, because when the Hakoah played there was always a large crowd. But soon there was another sort of reaction. The owners and managers of the professional clubs began to realize that the majority of the spectators at these games were Jewish. When the Hakoah was not scheduled the crowds at the ordinary games would not be so large; if the Hakoah

did not play at all the interest would not be so great. At one time the head of one of the professional teams petitioned the United States Football Association, which is the national controlling body of the sport, for the disbanding of the Hakoah, claiming that religion or nationality should not exist in sport. This plea, naturally, was turned down. It was too fatuous altogether to even be given consideration, for the game in America is built almost entirely on a national basis. We have all-German, all-Hungarian, all-Spanish teams, etc., and nobody has ever complained. When a Jewish team begins to do things all the reformers suddenly come to life and look for ways to stamp out the 'menace' to sport.

"I am glad to say, however, that sport followers as a whole have shown no such prejudices; on the contrary, they admire the Hakoah for its ability and clean play.

"The Hakoah is even having its ef-

fect on the Jewish youth," said Dr. Krauss in conclusion. "They are gradually coming to look up to the team as an ideal. This we encourage because we have developed a number of Jewish boys, some of whom have distinguished themselves with the team. An outstanding example is Philip Sloan, who is a member of the soccer team representing the United States in the international soccer championships being competed for at Montevideo, Uruguay, this summer. Sloan is a graduate of one of the New York City High Schools whom we discovered after he had played for one of the amateur teams of the Hakoah Athletic Club. He played for the Hakoah All-Stars for a season and was then transferred to the New York Giants, one of the foremost professional teams in the country. We hold periodical tryouts to discover talent in amateur players. The Hakoah of the future will be made up, in my opinion, of the present Jewish youth of the United States."

## Among Our Contributors

LOUIS MINSKY is a young writer living in New York. He has contributed several articles to the *B'nai B'rith Magazine* and other periodicals, and is the American correspondent of the London *Jewish Chronicle* and the London *Jewish World*.

MURRAY GITLIN, son-in-law of Herman Bernstein, is a Chicago writer. He has contributed stories and sketches to *The Day*, *Jewish Tribune*, *Chicago Israelite*, and non-Jewish publications.

A. A. ROBACK is a psychologist and philosopher chiefly interested in Jewish thought. He is the author of "Jewish Influence in Modern Thought," and it was directly through his public insistence that "Who's Who in American Jewry" was founded in 1926.

EDWIN CHAUNCEY BALDWIN is Chancellor of the University of Illinois, and was instrumental in aiding the late Rabbi Frankel to establish the first *B'nai B'rith Hillel Foundation* at that school in 1924.

CHARLES MORROW WILSON, a non-Jew, was born at Fayetteville, Ark., in 1905, raised on a farm and graduated from the University of Arkansas, school of journalism, in 1926. Since that date he has written special feature articles for the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*, contributed to the *Christian Science Monitor* and *Chicago Tribune*; worked for 18 months as editor of a little magazine called

"All's Well," and during the last 18 months has done magazine writing, having had stories published in the *Outlook*, *Atlantic Monthly*, *American Mercury*, *Collier's*, *Nation*, *Woman's Home Companion*, and several others. His first novel, "Acres of Sky," is being published by G. P. Putnam's Sons this autumn.

HAROLD BERMAN, a prolific writer of articles of general interest for the Anglo-Jewish press, has also done many translations for the Jewish Publication Society.

DON GORDON lives in Hollywood, where he is a reader for motion picture studios, and a writer of articles of general interest for the Anglo-Jewish press.

JUDITH I. STEIN does editorial work for the Union of American Hebrew Congregations. She is the author of a series of articles on Jews in far-away places, which has been appearing periodically in the *B'nai B'rith Magazine*.

M. A. GRAY, although not a paid worker, has for the past 16 years been serving the Jewish Immigrant Aid Society of Canada, of which he is now General Secretary. He is a resident of Winnipeg, and for the last seven years has been chairman of the *B'nai B'rith Camp Committee* of Winnipeg Lodge.

EDWARD E. GRUSD is assistant editor of the *B'nai B'rith Magazine*.



Philip Seman

**A**N organization with an annual budget of \$300,000; a modern building of its own which houses an up-to-date theater, a large dance hall, science laboratories, a Jewish museum, a Judaica library, a restaurant; an organization that is so many-sided that it teaches subjects ranging all the way from art to instruction of rabbis and cantors in the usage and knowledge of the English language and American history—must wield some influence on the life of the intelligent Jew in Chicago.

In Chicago there are some 200,000 Jews. Of these many may be called intellectual; that is, they are interested in culture for its own sake, and presented with the alternatives of a movie or a lecture will choose the latter. They go for one purpose or another, at some time or other, to the Jewish People's Institute. This is rather a pretentious statement to make, but it will not be doubted when one enters the lobby of a Sunday evening and sees the crowds assembled for the many activities that go on simultaneously in the building. The curtain will rise on a scene from the "Dybbuk," or "Ger Zedek," or Maxim Gorki's "Na Dne," and one will see some of the finest acting in America; or the curtain will rise on some play given by the English group, called the Institute Players' Guild, a so-called amateur organization but possessing more polish and versatility than many a professional one. One will see young and old here attend-

# Jewish People's Institute of Chicago

By MURRAY GITLIN

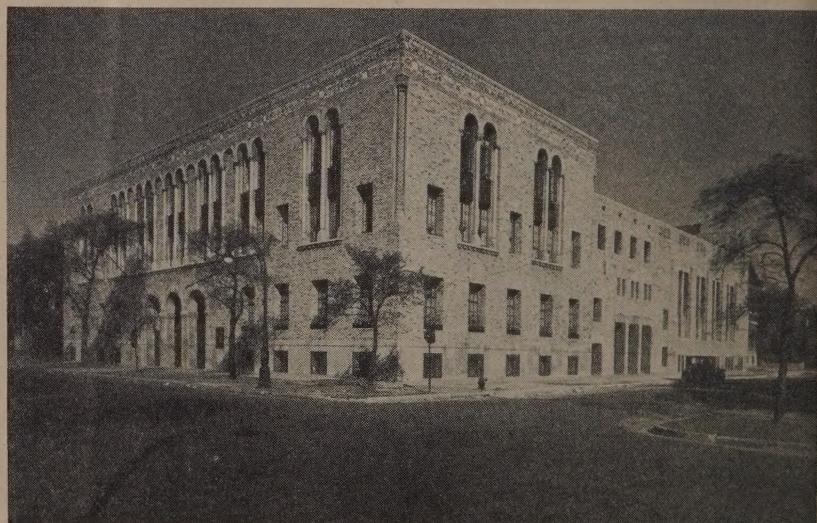
ing lectures on vital Jewish and international subjects given by men of prominence in their respective fields; there will be dancing at one end of the building; down below in the basement youths will be playing basketball or handball or swimming in the modernly-equipped pool; groups will be assembled in various rooms for the purpose of discussing Zionism or the philosophy of Bergson, others will be eating and conversing in the restaurant, some will be sitting in the lounging room, reflecting. It is an impressive spectacle. Young and old, girls and housewives congregating for the purposes of mental stimulation—and the spirit one finds here, the fire and enthusiasm, are awe-inspiring. Without this Institute thousands of Chicago Jews would find themselves in the morass of boredom.

At its head is a man who reminds one of a dynamo. He is in his late forties, almost fifty, and has been with the Institute almost from the time of its inception 25 years ago. It is his policy to have the Institute assert its own spirit, rather than mirror the spirit of any one personality, yet one cannot help but feel that mingled with the soul of the Institute, lending to it the direction and stimulus of common sense and the ideals of finer living, is the soul of

this man, Philip L. Seman. Napoleon must have had this man's vitality. After spending all these years with one organization he still acknowledges today but one life interest—the Jewish People's Institute—nothing else matters to him, and this is not surprising when one takes into consideration the good he has accomplished for the thousands who have passed through the doors of the building. It was through his initiative that the new building at 3500 Douglas Boulevard was erected, and through him that the problem of the adult was recognized. At the recent Conference of Jewish Social Service Workers he was elected President, succeeding the late Dr. Boris D. Bogen.

"Youth, of course, must be guided," he said, "and taught certain ideals of right living, but it is with the adults we are chiefly concerned. Thousands of our people have, either through lack of opportunity or else because of oppression in Europe, or merely through the exigencies of making a livelihood, failed to prepare themselves for an intelligent method of spending their lives."

And how is this accomplished here? For one thing there is no conscious attempt at instilling certain ideals in these people. Nothing is forced down anyone's throat. But the man o-



The Jewish People's Institute

man, once he enters the door, feels certain atmosphere of dignity about him and unconsciously it enters into him and molds him as the time goes on into a better, more interesting individual. There are no prohibitions. No one is ordered not to smoke in the building, or not to spit on the floor, nor to talk out loud, yet these people on a whole will do the right thing in the right place, no matter how old they are, no matter how near they are to the bottom of the cultural ladder.

"We want them to be free," said Seman to me. "The mantle on one's shoulders fits more comfortably than it does on others." Too often at institutions similar to this, one finds poor and inadequate facilities, an immature staff of teachers, half-baked methods. But the motto here seems to be: "What is worth doing at all, is worth doing well." For example, one will

find here one of the finest collections of Hebraica in the country, rare volumes, almost every book that has been published on the general subject of Judaism; a Jewish museum of ceremonial objects and antiquities—old candlesticks, old minyan bells, a silver esrog container, dating from the 17th century, a clock with Hebraic lettering, are a few of the objects; a music school as large and as high in standing as any in Chicago; and then there are the two groups of players: the Institute Players' Guild, doing their work in English, and the Jewish Art Players; there are classes in dancing for

children and a Children's Theater; a fully accredited high school; a summer camp; and what perhaps more than anything else shows the method of the Institute, the classes in English and American History and traditions for rabbis and cantors. Concerning this Mr. Seman has written:

"The Jewish people has truly been called the People of the Book, but it is just as truly the people of many languages. Wherever the Jew has lived, he has had to learn a new language in addition to the holy tongue which he carried with him always to the ends of the earth. In this country the same process is taking place. The younger generation has adopted English as its chief language in every department of life. Thus there has been created a gulf between the younger people and their elders. This gulf

will bring much harm and destruction into Jewish life unless something is done to bridge it. To be sure, the Hebrew schools are trying to solve the problem by approaching it from one angle. That is, teaching the language of the elders and the historical language of the Jews to the younger generation. This is, however, only one-half of the task that really lies before us. We must also approach the question from the other angle, which is to teach the English language to the older people and thus harmonize Jewish life in America. This is especially important for we who are at the head of congregations and whose aim is to reach the heart of the younger generation and to save it for Judaism. The Institute, conscious of this need, has organized a special class for rabbis with the purpose of giving them the best available instruc-

Jewish background, we have a Judaica library, a Jewish museum, because seeking the truth we know that our traditions and background have some value in present day civilization.

"We are a democratic institution. We recognize no group of Jews—reform or orthodox—we have never allied ourselves with any group, but because we are situated in the center of an orthodox community we try to adapt ourselves to the needs of the immediate inhabitants by closing on Saturday, running a strictly kosher restaurant, presenting programs of special interest to these people. Understand, remember, that this is a matter of accommodation and not of policy.

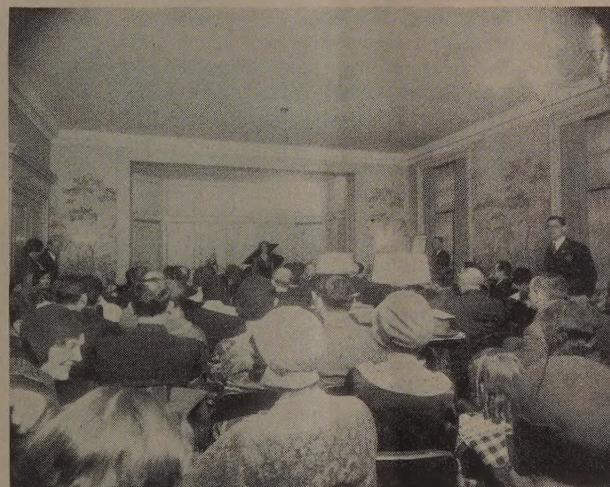
"We are strictly national. We celebrate our national holidays and are body and soul for a Jewish homeland.

"We do not apologize for being Jews, nor do we flaunt the fact in people's faces. With us there are no rich and poor."

A policy of this type, and concrete work that has already been accomplished, has called forth praise from Jew and non-Jew. One of the officials of the Young Men's Christian Association in a letter to Mr. Seman wrote in part: "It seems to me that you are carrying forward successfully one of the most unique pieces of work that I know of anywhere in America."

This statement is by no means exaggeration. The work of the Jewish People's Institute is unique not only because of its scope, but

chiefly because of the method employed. It is given over neither to radicalism nor to conservatism, it is not rabid in any of its ideals—it holds itself to be an institution that fulfills a definite need in a large community. It does its work without fanfares, but with a spirit. Perhaps it is because the Chicago Jew is a different type of individual from his brother in the east—that work of this nature can be done successfully, where the entire community enters into the spirit of the thing and takes pride in seeing it carried on and outward. However that may be, one must give a goodly portion of the credit to the man at its head. "No personalities," he says. Yet his personality cannot be divorced from the Institution to understand and appreciate it thoroughly.



*A typical Class at the J. P. I.*

tion in English grammar, in composition, and in the preparation and delivery of various speeches and addresses for the usual occasions. The history of the American people also forms part of the instruction in that class and the purpose of this is to give the rabbis a background of American history and traditions, and so give them common ground with the younger members of their congregations."

"We are frankly Jewish, at the same time staunchly American," said Mr. Seman. "We have no use for the patriot who cannot see the beauty of other peoples, just as we have no use for the husband who cannot see the beauty of other women. We seek the truth. We consciously carry out a definite program which aims at a Jewish ideal; our art school has a

# French Jewry at Close Range

By A. A. ROBACK

HERE is a historical glamor behind the French Jews that combines the colorfulness and vivacity of the great Republic and the dignified quaintness of the West European Jew. Here in Gallia, as the spiritual leaders are fond of referring to their country, flourished the oracle of exegesis, Rashi, about whose person many legends have been woven by the popular mind. Here in the land of Vercingetorix, the great collective commentary, the *Tosefot*, was composed and first saw the light. Here in Paris the celebrated Rabbi Yekhiel centuries ago made his influence felt throughout the domain of Jewry.

Often have I taken occasion to write about the French Jews, about their beacons of old, about their towering luminaries of yesteryear, and their shining lights of today, but now for the first time has the opportunity offered itself to study the French Jews in their habitats and not through secondary sources.

We must begin by instituting a possible line of differentiation between French Jewry and the French Jews. Perhaps the latter themselves would insist on such a division being drawn.

The picturesque communities of the provinces I shall omit for the present, since for practical purposes they play but an insignificant part in the life and affairs of French Jewry. I shall restrict myself to Paris, because it alone counts in the shaping of events. All the other towns go to make up the background of our picture.

How many Jews are there in Paris? This question has been asked time and again without being definitely an-

swered. No racial or religious statistics are incorporated in the official census; and Joseph Jacobs's ingenious mathematical formula for estimating the number of Jews in a city from the number of Cohens in the directory would hardly be applicable in a place where there are many more Levys than Cohens. The general impression is that there are about 200,000 Jews in Paris, more than half of these being comparatively recent arrivals from Eastern Europe.

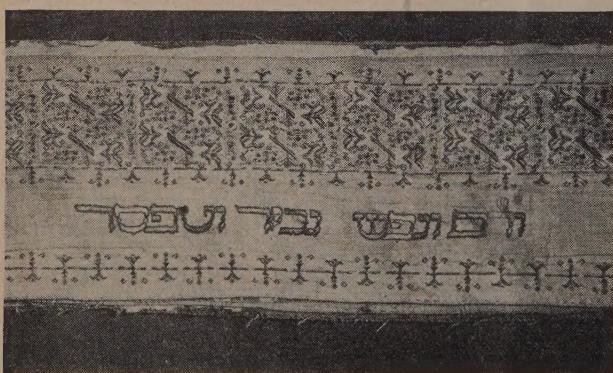
Two hundred thousand Jews constitute quite an army even among a total population of four millions, yet it is remarkable how inaccurate, how disorganized this potential Leviathan appears to be. In reality, there are three segments to Parisian Jewry: (a) the indigenous who pride themselves on their blue-bloodedness; (b) the immigrants from Poland, Austria, Hungary, Roumania, etc., who were there making their sojourn in Paris while their real objective was America; (c) the emigres from Russia, who move in Russian circles, read Russian newspapers, and to all intents and purposes are Russians. To this category belongs the well known man of letters, Ilya Erenburg. There is also a sprinkling of Spanish-Portuguese and Moroccan Jews who live on the Rue Richer and Rue Cadet.



A Jewish bookstore in Montparnasse

narrower, and the standards of living lower than in either of the American cities, the Parisian ghetto is proportionately inferior to either the East Side or the West End. The Rue des Ecouffes and the Rue des Rosiers are the best known streets of this ghetto which is referred to by the Yiddish-speaking Jews even in print almost invariably as "Dus Pletzle" (I suppose a diminutive form of La Place, for in Paris everything takes its orientation after some square or "place" like Place de la République, Place de la Concorde, Place de l'Opéra.) Like every other ghetto I am acquainted with, other nationalities are represented as well as the Jews. Poles, Russians, and Lithuanians are interspersed with the Jew in some of the streets. This section attracts foreigners and caters to their wants. As I alighted from the car on my second day in Paris, to visit the ghetto, I entered the Rue de Fourcy and noticed a dilapidated little house with shutters closed and painted lavender. Soon I saw about a dozen men ushered out of an open door while a raucous laughter accompanied the act. The men who filed out belonged to other nationalities, yet probably the ghetto receives the blame for the dive.

In a chat with the distinguished Jewish philosopher, Emile Meyerson, he remarked that Rue Duval, which is in the heart of the ghetto, was at one time called Rue des Juifs, and that evidently for centuries that particular district had been inhabited by Jews. The first immigrants, without knowing the facts, congregated in this section as if they knew it was their inviolable territory.



An exhibit in the Hebrew collection in Cluny Museum, Paris

The native French Jews, when the first of their Polish brethren began to make their entry into Paris, were little disturbed. They simply ignored the fact. Later, however, when the influx became considerable, they were somewhat alarmed, and it is rumored that they even attempted to put difficulties in the way of the newcomers, whose numbers were bidding fair to raise a Jewish question which in France had been dormant since the Dreyfus affair. As the East European Jews were encroaching themselves more and more on French soil and were gradually taking up a portion of independence, the tacit hostility began to change to awe and a slightly uneasy curiosity. Was this horde of barbarians to dislodge the patricians and take the reigns into their own hands? Or will they be called upon to cooperate and share their authority with the unmanly and ungainly Polish Jew? At present their attitude seems to be that

of resignation or watchful waiting. Already, as may be anticipated, some of the immigrants have been accepted into their religious and less intimate social circles, but they are the more representative, the more affluent, and also the more assimilative.

Assimilation is the great boon of the French Jews. They are Frenchmen of the Mosaic faith, and at least once or twice manifest their Jewishness by attending the Temple service. Not that they are ashamed of their ancestors. On the contrary, they are loath to part with their Jewish patronymic, but their interest in matters Jewish is negligible. Certainly they will not admit to themselves that their consistory Judaism which consists in what I should call Sunday School work and sermonizing, is moribund, but we can see very well that unless there is infusion of new blood and a racial awakening among the French Jews not all the beautiful temples built

largely with the money of the Rothschilds will be of avail in stemming the tide of utter assimilation. On an important holiday like Shavuoth, the day when Israel celebrates the giving of the Law, there were scarcely 200 Jews in the magnificent Temple de la Rue de la Victoire. Many of those came late, and not a few left before the end of the service.

Certain French Jews do not think that even religion is essential to a Jew. What they claim is that to move in Jewish society is sufficient. A cynic might say that this is making a virtue out of a necessity; and then again, all the celebrities that would frequent the salons of Rachael Varnhagen, or Dorothea Mendelssohn, or Henrietta Herz

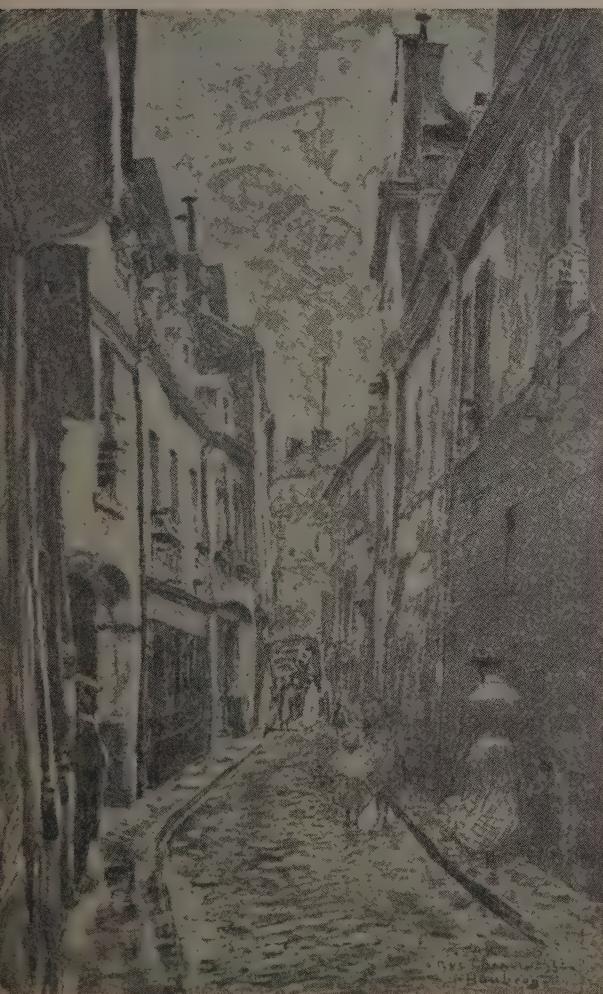
must be taken for Jews.

In one of my conversations with Emile Meyerson and M. Bernard, brother of the brilliant publicist, Bernard Lazare, (author of the most important book on anti-Semitism) I had the temerity to deplore the fact that French Jewry was stagnant and intimated that the grandchildren and great grandchildren of those today who are leaders in the community will no longer identify themselves with the cause of their ancestors. They were both taken aback at my frank statement. Monsieur Bernard regards himself as a good Jew even though he has had no religious background. The venerable sage, M. Meyerson, cited the case of his niece who married a non-Jew and withal she considers herself a faithful member of the Jewish people. "But," I asked, "What about the children and grandchildren? They surely will pass for Frenchmen." Well, I was given to understand that even they will know that they are partly Jewish and will not repudiate their partial ancestry—a rather sorry concession, I should think.

It was then my turn to expand my views on the subject, not without realizing that it may be somewhat untactful to bring up a matter of such delicacy in the presence of two of the most eminent Jews in Paris (M. Bernard was virtually the Governor of Aunam and was instrumental in concluding the Franco-Siamese treaty). The difference between moving in Jewish society and actively participating in the building up of a Jewish culture was pointed out, but as it would have been out of place to engage in a heated discussion just before dinner, I did not follow up the topic.

In extenuation of the Franco-Jewish attitude, it must be said that we can sympathize with their problem which, did they not choose to solve in this typically French easy-going way, might have become for them a painful conflict.

France is the one great country in the world (unless it shares the honors with Italy) which makes no distinction between Jew and Gentile, which recognizes worth wherever it is found and from whatsoever source. Tolerance and *laissez-faire* are bred in the home of the Frenchman. It is not merely the fairness of the Anglo-Saxon that dominates the Frenchman, but equality in the full sense of the word. I cannot take the space to enumerate some of the honors which France has bestowed upon the Jews, both individuals and the people as a whole, but they



A street in the Paris ghetto

are many. Let me only cite here the fact that the French Government not only refrained from prosecuting those Jews who had entered and were residing in Paris illegally, but had offered to legalize their residence and to provide them with work on the basis of a contract.

The French people have accepted Jewish merit as part of their own. Unlike the Germans, it has never occurred to them to ask whether Halevy or Meyerbeer was a Jew and therefore to be measured by another sort of yardstick. It naturally follows that the French Jews are grateful and would not like to flaunt their individuality, on the assumption that if they proclaim themselves as Jews, there will be just so much loss for the French. For this reason they frown upon statistics or organizational work which would necessarily establish their racial status, for in appearance it is most difficult to differentiate between the French Jew and the non-Jewish Frenchman, not only because the latter may often be taken for a Jew, but because of the remarkable assimilation process going on in the former.

To illustrate: once while eating in a Jewish restaurant, I was surprised to find so many Gentiles eating there, and only perhaps two Jews. I imparted my astonishment to the manager, and he told me that all I saw there were Jews. "Occasionally," he said, "a Frenchman strays in, but that is by mistake." "And do you mean to tell me," I queried, "that the man sitting in that corner is a Jew, or the lady at the table to my left?"

"They're all Jews," he asserted, "who once in a while miss a Kosher meal." Incidentally, during my first two weeks in Paris, I was under the impression that Yiddish was understood only in the Hotel de Ville district; and I never addressed anyone in Yiddish, no matter how grizzly-bearded and Semitic-looking the man might be, without making sure that he was really an East European Jew.

With the advent of the Polish Jews, the separatism between Jew and Frenchman began to be more noticeable, and the French Jews are commencing to feel a bit uncomfortable. It is as if attention were attracted to them as a distinct entity. The French Jews have not yet taken a definite stand toward their immigrant brethren, except perhaps to express their sympathy at public meetings, but the time is near when they will have to reckon with them.

It is true that at present, the new-

comers are themselves without a guide or leader. They have formed societies after the fashion of the New York *landsmanshaften*, with the object primarily of securing lots for cemeteries. A federation of these societies is now projected but is meeting with some opposition. Paris numbers at least 150 Jewish artists, some of international reputation and about 75 Yiddish writers (both past and present), yet no attempt is made to bring these writers together even for social purposes. The intellectuals are almost with no exceptions interested in political movements, and will hardly deign to speak to one who shares opinions other than theirs. Each little party has its own clubrooms or locale, and prominent people are classified first of



*Rue Pavée, Paris*

all according as they are "rekht" or "link," and then there are subclasses. You may be a Zionist "rekht" or "link" (revisionist), a Poale Zion "rekht" or "link," a Bundist or a Communist "rekht" or "link" (of the Trotsky group) or simply one of the older Russian revolutionary schools. At any rate, if you don't belong to a party in Paris, you are looked upon with suspicion. No wonder at every public gathering a policeman is stationed outside; and even when I addressed a Paris audience on Yiddish literature, I was greeted by Monsieur l'Agent, as the French address their police officers.

The animus shown by members of different parties at public assemblies, as I have had occasion to observe at the time I delivered an address before the Yiddish Scientific Institute, which is by the way the most representative

and most exclusive organization in the new Jewish community, is both amusing and disconcerting, but then we must remember that in the first place, Paris is the world's greatest clearing center for public opinion, and also that the new Jewish community is still in its swaddling clothes, and infants employ their energy in other ways than reasonings and the objective appreciation of a situation. In a decade or more, the older French community will be forced perhaps to cooperate with an articulate Yiddish speaking body. At present there is not even a B'nai B'rith lodge in the whole of France and this alone is symptomatic of the general situation in the Republic's Jewry.

The attitude of the consistory Jews toward the recent arrivals can best be summed up by a reference to the address of the Grand-Rabbin, Israel Levi, at the dedication of l'Union Scolaire, when for the first time Alfred Dreyfus made his appearance at a Jewish meeting.

What the Grand-Rabbin said in the course of his address was in effect as follows: Tragic circumstances have brought to our shores a great wave of our co-religionists. We cannot help interesting ourselves in their lot. We cannot shut our eyes to the new problem which confronts us—the problem of the new large Jewish immigration into France. They come here desperate, downtrodden. They are ignorant of our language and customs. We must educate them, and this cannot be done according to a programme. It can be accomplished only with the feeling and thought that we are discharging a duty.

Perhaps then will be found in our midst young people who will be eager to participate in raising the level of the local community through steady contact, through meetings and lectures. And perhaps we may be able to learn something from the newcomers. True, they have their faults. We have our own also, but they possess a highly developed sense of solidarity; and their feeling of compassion for others comes to the fore on many an occasion. They are ready with their purse. Perhaps in our intercourse with them, we shall be able to learn something from them, but we insist on one thing: that they love France.

We demand from the newly-arrived Jews a sense of moderation. Nothing is so annoying to us as the foreigners who come with pretensions to rule France, to guide French policy.

# Katka Blames the Jews

By LEO M. GLASSMAN



FTER citizen Menachem and comrade Kalinin came Katka.

Katka was the servant in the house. Having formerly been a housekeeper in her own right, she resented her reverse of fortune. Theoretically, by virtue of Soviet law and Communist code, she was both morally and legally superior to her employers, who were members of the despised bourgeois class. The master of the house had managed by various means of red tape to join a printers' co-operative, but continued to do business on the side; through clever manipulations he succeeded in augmenting his monthly wage of 60 rubles, the equivalent of somewhat less than \$30 at the official rate of exchange, to probably four times that sum through his illegal trading operations; that made it possible for him to support his ailing wife and his daughter, who had been unable to secure work. Thus, legally he was a "proletarian" of a sort and would continue to be such until the GPU, the secret police, caught him at his forbidden activities of trading; in that event he might be exiled to Siberia, perhaps even shot.

Katka belonged to the privileged class, for she was a real proletarian and, besides, her husband had died at the front while fighting in the Red Army, than which there could be no greater honor in Soviet Russia. She was getting room and board plus 15 rubles, the required monthly minimum for servants in Moscow; also, her employers were compelled to insure her for health, accident and other forms of insurance required by the Soviet laws. She was a member of the servants' union and had the right to file complaints against her employers, in case of unfair treatment. Yet all this failed to assuage her sense of resentment. The Soviet code, with its sudden reversal of

*THIS is the second article on the conditions of the Jews in Soviet Russia by Leo M. Glassman, veteran newspaperman, writer, and editor, who spent eight months in Russia for the Jewish Telegraphic Agency in 1928-29. The views expressed herein are not necessarily those of the editors of THE B'NAI B'RITH MAGAZINE, and it must be remembered that Mr. Glassman's stay in the land of the Soviets ended nearly a year ago.*

*Manuel Rosenberg, staff artist of the Cincinnati Post, was in Russia at approximately the same time as Mr. Glassman and his sketches, drawn for THE B'NAI B'RITH MAGAZINE, illustrate this article as well as the one which appeared in the last number of THE B'NAI B'RITH MAGAZINE.*

none of her friends or relatives could afford? Moreover, if she were the privileged person then why did she, and not her mistress, have to stand for hours daily in line for bread and meat and other products? And why did she go on addressing her employers "po imya otchestvo," in the old pre-revolutionary style? Why did she continue saying Naum Davidovitch or Sophia Naumovna, instead of Citizen so-and-so, while they called her simply Katka, just as was the wont before the advent of the Dictatorship of the Workers and Peasants? The whole thing seemed fearfully muddled and senseless to her.

The appearance of an American in the household was regarded by Katka not unlike the advent of a Santa Claus. I paid her 20 rubles a month, plus occasional tips, for her services. She regarded me with something approaching awe. Like all Russians, she had the utmost respect for foreigners, especially Americans. She had never seen an American, and here was one right in the house! Her service was punctilious; the Prince of Wales could hardly expect more of his valet! In the morning my shoes were polished and ready at the door; then would come the breakfast tray, with the morning papers alongside the coffee; and in the evening, while I would be

going through the agony of mastering the new Russian terminology or punching the keys of my typewriter for the edification of readers in New York, steaming tea and delicious jam would suddenly appear at my elbow, augmented with an irresistible Russian suasion, such as:

*"Won't you refresh yourself with a glass of tchai, Lev Emanuilovitch?"*

The patronymic euphemism enhanced by the fragrance of real tchai (most Muscovites at that time were imbibing a substitute called "surrogat"), invariably produced the re-



*A bread line in Soviet Russia.*

quired effect; and often the process would be repeated several times in one evening, until I developed a taste for the beverage and became a real teahound.

Katka also played a role in the process of purveying news to the outside world. Each evening she would carry my air mail reports, which supplemented the cables dispatched during the early afternoon, to the Post Office on Myasnitskaya. From the Post Office the air mail was taken by automobile to the airfield and from there at 7 p. m. every day by one of the Dereluft planes to Berlin, a trip of 14 hours. It appeared soon that the air mail letters frequently reached their destination three or four days after posting. Inquiries at the Post Office elicited no satisfactory explanation, until one of the minor clerks inadvertently blurted out that the letters had to be read by the censors before they could go out, and that could not always be done in a hurry. The Post Office officials and the cable censors at the press department of the Foreign Office assured me blandly that mail was not censored by the Soviet government.

Thus Katka became a sort of "powerful Katrinka" to an American correspondent. But she was more than that: She was a clue, my first direct clue to the psychology of the Russian peasant masses of which she was flesh and bone. She had no use whatsoever for the Soviet government, though she hesitated to voice her ideas on the subject until she had been reassured that I was not a Communist. She had very definite opinions. Russia, she said, had fallen upon evil days indeed; everything was topsy-turvy and wrong; there was no bread and no clothes and no money. And the reason for it all—the Jews. She didn't put it quite that bluntly; in fact, she approached the matter with a subtlety worthy of a brain more intelligent than hers. Like the typical Russian peasant, she combined at once an astounding degree of stupidity with an amazing degree of cunning. Her first cautious remark was:

"Are the Jews in America very rich?"

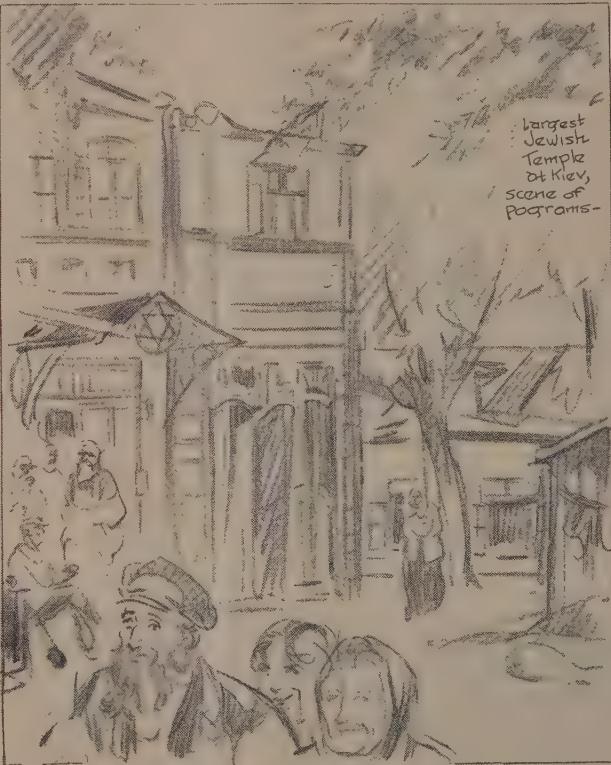
I explained to her that some Jews in America were rich, that the ma-

jority managed to live comfortably, while many were actually poor. She thought awhile, then said:

"It is different in our country. Here all the Jews have lots of money."

Shades of the K. K. K. and Adolf Hitler! Was the old superstition still current? I asked her to explain, which she did readily, saying:

"We Russians are stupid, but the Jews are clever, too clever for us. Somehow they manage to have money and to live well, while we Russians suffer and starve. Everywhere in the markets you see Jewish traders, no Russians. All the booths belong to Jews. And in the government there are only Jews; in all the departments



and bureaus there are Jews and Jews. That's because they are sly and foxy. We Russians always get the worst of things because we are simple-minded and honest."

Then she added hastily:

"I mean our Jews. Now, you are different."

That had a familiar ring, of course, for I had heard the "you are different" legend more than once in God's own country, and from persons endowed with more intelligent minds than poor Katka's.

Katka's opinions began to assume greater significance in my eyes from day to day. They were more important than the statements of commissars,

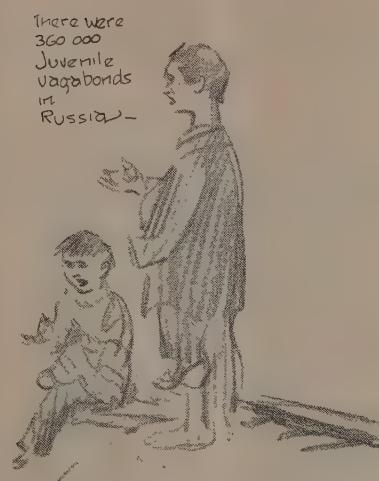
for the more I studied the situation the more clearly I realized that she was voicing unconsciously the thoughts of millions and millions of her fellow-Russians. On the Jewish question, at least, she was expressing the sentiments of the vast masses who had fallen from the frying pan of the Romanoffs into the fire of the Red Dictatorship. The poisonous heritage of Jew hatred bequeathed by the Czars was clearly persisting and flourishing under the Soviets, as if there had been no world war, no revolution, no titanic changes that shook the soul of mankind. Not that the Soviet government was encouraging or even permitting anti-Semitism. On the contrary, anti-Semitism had been strictly proscribed; it is on the Soviet's index of counter-revolution, and those caught Jew-baiting are subject to severe punishment at the hands of the law. But decrees do not make life and anti-Semitism in Russia has persisted and grown more widespread and more vicious than it had ever been under the Czars. The masses are saturated with its venom and the ranks of the Communists are full of its virus.

The penetration of Jew-hatred into the ranks of the Communists, Soviet officials, and the more cultured elements generally, constitutes one of the most shocking facts in Soviet Russia today. Whether it be in the school or in the factory, in the university or in the government bureau, one cannot but note the presence of a vicious though frequently silent Judophobia. The process began in the early stages of the Bolshevik regime. At that time, when there came into being a new elaborate system of government involving thousands of bureaus and departments throughout the vast stretches of the Soviet Republics, there was an urgent and immediate need for tens of thousands of bookkeepers, clerks and officials. The Russian intelligentsia, as a class, stood aloof, nourishing a sense of hostility to the Communist regime and feeling certain that it would last but a brief spell. On the other hand, the Jewish intelligentsia as a class, welcomed the Bolshevik regime, feeling at that time that it did not matter so much whether the new government was Communistic or Socialistic; what mattered to them

was that the Czar had been overthrown. They willingly accepted employment in the numerous governmental departments, where their zeal and intelligence were needed. Thus the Soviet government bureaus were filled with a disproportionate number of Jewish clerks. Later, when the Russian intelligentsia became convinced that the Bolshevik dictatorship apparently was there to stay, they decided to make the best of an unpleasant situation and apply for work. They found that nearly all the doors were closed to them; all positions were taken. It is this which accounts in part for the presence of anti-Semitism today among the more cultured elements in Russia. They regard the Jew with venomous hate, blaming him for their economic ills. In the last five or six years the number of Jewish employees and officials in the Soviet government has been steadily decreasing, but the feeling of anti-Semitism among the Russian intelligentsia, once roused, continues unabated.

There is also to be considered the sense of bitterness and disillusionment which has been accumulated in the breasts of the more cultured classes in Soviet Russia as a result of their experiences of 13 years since Bolshevism came into existence. The persistence of terrorism, embodied in the awe-inspiring secret police organization, the GPU, the complete centralizing of government in the hands of a small clique in the Kremlin, the continuance of economic conditions which make life unbearable, the failure of the fondest dreams of Socialists and Communists to come true—all these things have tended to create bitterness, callousness and cynicism; and, as with the workers and peasants, these emotions are particularly brutal when directed toward the Jews.

Thus the heritage of Czarism has fallen as an unwelcome gift into the lap of the Soviets. The Jew is the scapegoat for everything. When Jewish laborers come to work in a mine, an unprecedented thing until recent years, the Russian miners regard this not only as a frightful phenomenon in itself, but also as the cause of their own troubles. And similarly in industrial plants and factories where some Jews have secured employment. The Jews, say the Russian workers, are responsible for the low wages and for the acute state of unemployment. When Jews are colonized in the Ukraine area the neighboring peasants feel that they are being deprived of land which rightfully should



be theirs. Of course, they say, we have not enough land—it is given to the Jews. When a Russian student is denied admission to the university because of his bourgeois antecedents, he immediately blames the Jews for it, overlooking the fact that the percentage of Jewish students rejected on the same ground is by far larger than that of the non-Jews. When a Soviet official or clerk is discharged from his position as a result of a regime of economy in his department, his reaction frequently is to blame the Jews; were there not so many Jews in all the government departments, he reasons, he would not have been dismissed.

But to return to Katka. She disliked the Jews because she felt that someone must be to blame for Russia's plight, and who could be to blame but the Jews? She had been taught well by the Czar and by the White Guard hordes in the civil war. She was only following the old law that primitive people must have someone to blame their troubles on, but they will never blame them on themselves; certainly they will not punish themselves. The imaginative Greeks blamed some of their gods, the less imaginative Russians blame the Jews. It is easier to hate and to punish Jews in the flesh than it is to hate and punish deities, drifting in etherea beyond one's ken.

From time to time Katka let me know what she thought about the situation, but always cautiously and with some apologetic remark appended, as if to serve as a reminder that she meant only "their" Jews, the Jews of Russia. Thus, once before the approach of a Jewish holiday, she said to me:

"All day yesterday and today Sophia Naumovna and I have been

cooking jams and jellies. They are going to have a big dinner for the holidays. We can't afford jams."

By *we* she meant the Russians. Of course, I understood the gentle hint.

On another occasion, Katka came home after standing in line for several hours trying to secure provisions. She brought back bread, meat and vegetables, but had been turned away from the butter store after waiting in the queue for over an hour; they told her there was no more butter. She related her sad experience to me, in a tone of righteous indignation. In conclusion she added slyly:

"The communists and some *others* in the line got butter; they managed to get ahead somehow, they always do. But the honest Russians are turned away."

The communists and *others* was an innuendo which I did not fail to perceive. Katka resorted to veiled words and innuendos, out of respect for the "Amerikanetz" and because she insisted that I was "different" from other Jews. But on the streets of Moscow and Leningrad, in the government co-operatives, and even in some official Soviet bureaus I witnessed Jew-baiting scenes and overheard frank anti-Semitic speech; and frequently a look or a gesture was even more expressive than words. The air was literally thick with Jew hatred.

\* \* \*

I HAD now three distinct personalities before me whose words seemed to me to bear unusual significance in the study of the Jewish situation in Soviet Russia. Citizen Menachem—Comrade Kalinin—Katka, the servant. Each was representative of a definite mental and emotional attitude; each bespoke a definite phase in the new life of Russia. Judging them separately and in relation to each other, they presented a vivid portrait against the sweeping background of chaos and pain and struggle in which Russia was writhing and in which the Jew was carrying a burden heavier than that of any other element in the population. Citizen Menachem was typical of the Jewish masses in Soviet Russia; his economic situation and his outlook were like those of the vast majority of the nearly three million Jews in the Soviet realm. Comrade President Kalinin expressed in his person the official 100 per cent Communist attitude, which ignored the facts of the mere present or the immediate future and fixed its gaze steadfastly upon a distant Utopia to be attained by strict

adherence to a mechanistic formula evolved on the basis of apparently irrefutable theories and statistics. Katka, the servant, represented convincingly the mood of the peasants and workers, but especially the peasants, in Soviet Russia.

Menachem, Kalinin, Katka, three representatives; each a symbol and a fact, each representing a definite section of life and together affording a synoptic view of the new Russian scene.

Yet only one of them, Kalinin, was a new character on the Russian stage. Menachem and Katka were old figures, who were playing their roles in a new and strange drama. They had been caught suddenly and unawares in the swirl of cataclysmic events which uprooted them completely and bewildered them. They had wanted a change in the old order, a revolution, but this was more than they had bargained for, and they now regretted the passing of the old order, under whose knout they had smarted and suffered; the new knout was even more merciless. They were told that it must be so, that it was all for the good of the new generation, that the millenium was in the labors of birth, that their suffering would mean the happiness of their posterity. Fine phrases and true perhaps; but Menachem and Katka could not understand them. What assurance was there that the future would really bring good? Could good come of evil, asked Menachem? Did Christ die for this, asked Katka?

Kalinin dealt with theories, spoke of tomorrow. In his utopia there was no room for the old Menachems and Katkas, with their "medieval, bourgeois psychology." He was building a world for new Menachems and new Katkas who would march iron-shod over the corpse of capitalism toward the millenial state. Menachem and Katka dealt with reality, with the present; the future to them was portentous with the evil of today.

What I heard from others in Soviet Russia was always merely a variation upon the outlook of these three prototypes; perhaps a somewhat different gesture or emphasis, but essentially the identical psychology. For these three were the epitome. Each in his way voiced the thoughts and feelings of a definite group, and together they voiced the thoughts and feelings of the whole country. Communists, whether Jews or non-Jews, always spoke like

Kalinin, using the same stereotyped words; Jews spoke like Menachem; Russian workers and peasants spoke like Katka.

It was a picture of a conflict between old facts and new theories. The Russian peasant and worker were still superstitious and ignorant and poor, and saturated with anti-Semitism. Despite the educational work of the Soviet government, which sought to teach the Russian that the Jew was to be regarded not as an enemy, but as a friend and equal, Jew hatred had increased to terrible proportions. The Jew was still an enigma to the primitive

mind of the Russian and was still looked upon with suspicion and contempt; all the evils and troubles of the land were laid at his door. The Jew, on the other hand, continued to feel that he was a pariah and an outcast, though the law had placed him on an equal footing with the rest of the population. Some Jews were among the class of privileged proletarians, while others held important positions in various government departments, but no Jew could escape the shadow of Jew hatred of which he was made aware almost every moment of his life, in the factory, in the office and even in the home. Economically, the position of the Jew was worse than it had been under the Czars; the "luftmensch" had given place to the "declassé"; the luftmensch had found it difficult to earn a livelihood, but the declassé was finding it impossible to live.

And above this horrible miasma of hates and prejudices that refused to die, of appalling misery and hopelessness, waved defiantly the red flag of Bolshevism announcing the death of the old world and the birth of a new Utopia.

That Utopia, according to the Communists, was just around the corner. And if you wanted to see what it would look like when it arrived, and how the Jew would fare in it, you had to forget about the Menachems and the Katkas and go to the Soviet schools and courts and investigate what the Soviet government was doing to fit the Jew into the new economic scheme where he would be a happy and equal factor with everybody else in a state that would know no racial lines nor old hates and superstitions. The Menachems and Katkas were the unfortunate and superfluous hangovers from the past, who could not understand the significance of the Communist idea and were naturally opposed to the Soviet government. But they did not matter—they would soon be wiped out and forgotten and a new generation would take their place.

"In place of religion we will create a new Jewish proletarian culture for the Jewish masses; in place of yeshivahs we are establishing Yiddish schools; in place of the Jewish middle class we are creating a class of productive Jewish workers and peasants. We are reevaluating Jewish life in accordance with the Soviet principles."

So I was told by the Communists.

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# The Guggenheims as Givers

By CHARLES MORROW WILSON



T number 551 Fifth Avenue in New York, Mr. Fred French has a right considerable of a building.

One threads his way into the lobby through a milling multitude of commercial ambassadors—bond salesmen and bankers and solicitors and importers and concessionaires and rent collectors—men of commerce, of high-pressure business, disciples of the great American philosophy of make-a-great-deal.

One strolls into any one of half-a-dozen swanky elevator cars and finds that he should have strolled into the other one. Then he is lifted with funereal acceleration to the ninth floor, and there he comes upon the disciples of an equally great American tradition—that of give-a-great-deal.

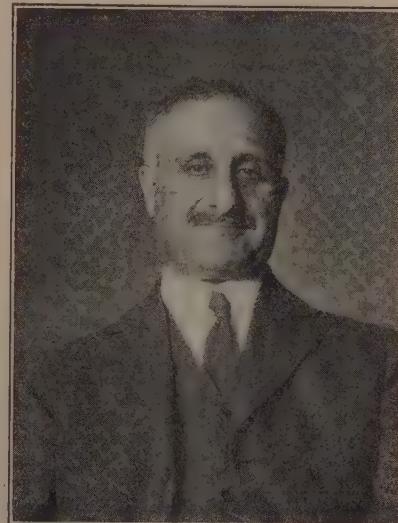
For on the ninth floor of the Fred French Building is housed the John Simon Guggenheim Memorial Foundation. One sees the words printed in gold lettering upon the office door and one is reminded once more of his being in New York, citadel of blank and useless doors—for the first door says "Room 901—Enter by Room 902."

On entering 902, one comes into an office of well-seasoned sobriety and soundly efficient beauty, and one meets the secretary of the Foundation, Henry Allen Moe, an Oxford man, a gentleman tall and cleanly featured, who gives to one the impression of amiable and clear visioned efficiency, an impression in consistent support of the Foundation's correspondence and explanatory literature.

\* \* \*

THE Foundation stands as a self-perpetuating memorial to one of Senator and Mrs. Simon Guggenheim's sons, John Simon Guggenheim, who died April 26, 1922.

Modelled somewhat in the fashion of the Cecil Rhodes Foundation, the Guggenheim endowment fund of four and a half million dollars is reckoned to provide between 70 and 80 scholarships yearly for a wide range of scholars and artists and artisans, men and women of mature age and of proved creative ability, who might be particularly benefited by the tenure of a maintaining fellowship. Since its beginning in 1925, the Foundation has granted a total of 295 of these fellowships.



Simon Guggenheim, founder of the John Simon Guggenheim Foundation.

The fellowships pay about \$2,500 a year, and most of them involve study or travel abroad. The usual term of tenure is one year, although some are for but six months, and others are extended beyond the year limit. As a general proposition the age limits range from 25 to 35 years, but these limits are in no way immutable. Many of the fellows are beyond 35, and a few have been younger than 25. Their average age is about 33.

The work falls generally into three fields—creative arts, experimental science and scholarly research. The Fellowship list for 1930 carries the names of ten novelists, poets, and critics, eight composers of music, four sculptors, three painters, an etcher, a worker in stained-glass, and a typographer, five fellows in medicine, seven in economics, four in art research, two in philosophy, one in psychology of music, five in European history, five in Latin American relations, five for research in English literature, four for study of the Middle Ages, three for research in French and Spanish Literature, one in Classic Languages and seven in natural sciences.

Of the 85 scholars newly elected, 54 are teachers in colleges and universities, and 31 are free of academic connections. Twenty-three states and the Republic of Mexico are represented on the list.

Last year the Guggenheims announced an additional endowment of

a million dollars to establish a system of exchange fellowships between the United States and Latin America, which will be open first to citizens of the United States, Mexico, Cuba, Argentine Republic, Chile, Bolivia, Brazil, Peru and Uruguay, fellowships providing for independent research in Latin-American relations and for training in technical professions.

"I am looking toward a more intimate understanding between the republics of North and South America through a closer relationship of the scholars and professional men of those countries," says Senator Guggenheim.

\* \* \*

THIS year's Committee of Selection consisted of Frank Aydelotte, President of Swarthmore College; Professor Lafayette B. Mendel of Yale; Professor Louise Pound of the University of Nebraska; Professor E. B. Wilson of the Harvard School of Public Health, and President of the Social Science Research Council, and Professor F. J. E. Woodbridge of Columbia University.

The standing educational advisory board of the Foundation consists of Frank Aydelotte; Dr. Isaiah Bowman, Director American Geographical Society; Tucker Brooke, Professor of English at Yale; Henry Seidel Canby, Editor, *The Saturday Review of Literature*; Dr. Edward Capps, Professor of Classics at Princeton; Dr. Arthur H. Compton, Professor of Physics, University of Chicago; Dr. Ada Louise Comstock, President of Radcliffe College; Dean Wilbur L. Cross, Yale University; William Emerson, Professor of Architecture, Massachusetts Institute of Technology; Dr. Frederick C. Ferry, President of Hamilton College; Dr. Guy Stanton Ford, Dean of the Graduate School, University of Minnesota; James Earle Fraser, Sculptor; Dr. Charles Homer Haskins, Professor of History at Harvard; Dr. Vernon Kellogg, Secretary of the National Research Council; Dr. Fiske Kimball, Director of the Pennsylvania Museum; Dr. Charles B. Lipman, Dean of the Graduate School, University of California; Dr. Lafayette B. Mendel, Professor of Physiological Chemistry, Yale School of Medicine; Dr. John C. Merriam, President of Carnegie Institution; Dr. Marjorie Nicolson, Professor of English, Smith College; Dr.

James Norris, Professor of Organic Chemistry, Massachusetts Institute of Technology; Dr. Louise Pound, Professor of English, University of Nebraska; Thomas Whitney Surette, lecturer on music; Dr. Edwin B. Wilson, Professor of Vital Statistics, Harvard School of Public Health, and Dr. F. J. E. Woodbridge, Dean of the faculties of Political Science, Philosophy and Pure Science, Columbia.

\* \* \*

THE purpose of the Foundation, as stipulated in its charter, is "to promote the advancement and diffusion of knowledge and understanding and the appreciation of beauty, by aiding, without distinction on account of race, color, or creed, scholars, scientists, and artists of either sex in the prosecution of their labors."

In a pamphlet of announcement, Senator Guggenheim explained the genesis of the Foundation with a straight-forward homeliness:

"I want to supplement the great Rhodes Foundation by providing a similar opportunity for older students of proved ability, and for women as well as men. Furthermore I want to make it possible for these persons to carry on their studies in any country in the world where they can work most profitably. . . .

"We all realize that some of the finest minds, some of the most constructive thinkers in the world, have been seriously hampered in turning their natural gifts to the best advantage by the lack of adequate financial backing.

"I want to do my part to meet this need."

Again in his letter of gift, the donor says:

"We strongly hope that this Foundation will advance human achievement by aiding students to push forward the boundaries of understanding, and will enrich human life by aiding them in the cultivation of beauty and taste."

\* \* \*

THE first announcement of the John Simon Guggenheim Memorial Foundation was made in April of 1925, and of the first 78 applicants for fellowships, 15 were given advance appointments for the year 1925-26. Among the first was Arthur H. Compton, Professor of

Physics at the University of Chicago. Following his tenure of fellowship Dr. Compton won the Nobel Prize for an outstanding contribution to the science of physics. His projects included "a study of the *quantum theory* of the nature of radiation, in consultation with European authorities."

All projected accomplishments are pre-supposed to be independently conceived and carried through. The Guggenheim Fellowships are not awarded for the purpose of fulfilling requirements for any academic degree or for supervised or salaried labor.

The procedure of appointment, according to the Secretary, involves on the part of the Committee on Selection a careful and painstaking reckoning of the capacity and promise of each candidate.

"In deciding upon the merits of the candidates the Standing Committee has in every case consulted the most eminent scholars available in the field in which the candidate wishes to work.

"In all cases the Committee has laid emphasis upon the requirement of a definite, feasible project or plan of study. It seems clear that the projects which can be most readily appraised

and which are surest of success are those which have already been begun and which a Guggenheim Fellowship can be used to complete."

The Guggenheims let it be known that they expect their Fellows to present evidence of a tangible accomplishment from their term of research, and their lists of publications would indicate that the Guggenheim tradition is one at least of moderate industry. To be sure a majority of the work is technical, well outside of most of our scopes of interest. But a dozen or so of the publications have come in for an almost nation-wide appreciation. Among this sort are Walter White's "Rope and Faggot: a Biography of Judge Lynch"; Léonie Adam's "High Falcon and Other Poems"; Allen Tate's "Jefferson Davis"; Lynn Rigg's two plays, "Green Grow the Lilacs" and "Roadside"; Countee Cullen's "Black Christ and Other Poems," and Stephen Vincent Benét's "John Brown's Body."

And if we may be pardoned for expression of a rampant but persisting enthusiasm we would suggest that this one great poem, taken alone, is ample justification for the John Simon Guggenheim Memorial Foundation and its doling of millions.

Prospect for the coming year appears bright. Here is the Foundation's appointments of creative workers for 1930:

*In creative writing:*

E. P. Conkle, dramatist, author of "Crick Bottom Plays"; Jonathan Daniels, novelist, author of "Clash of Angels"; Edward Davison, poet; Helen Rose Hull, author of five novels, "Quest," "Labyrinth," "The Surry Family," "Islanders" and "The Asking Price"; Nella Larsen, author of "Quicksand" and "Passing"; Jacques Le Clercq, translator and author of "Show Cases" and "A Sorbonne of the Hinterland"; H. Phelps Putnam, poet, and Thomas C. Wolfe, author of "Look Homeward, Angel."

*For literary criticism:*

Mary M. Colum and Joseph Wood Krutch.

*For creative work in sculpture:*

Harold Cash, Arthur Lee, Sidney Loeb, Bruce Moore.

*In painting:*

Pamela Bianco, Monty



Daniel Guggenheim (center) receiving a medal for having done more than any other man for aviation during 1928-29. He is a brother to Simon Guggenheim. Directly behind him is standing his son, Harry F. Guggenheim, U. S. Ambassador to Cuba.

Lewis, Mordi Gassner and Thomas Handforth.

*In musical composition:*

Ruth Porter Crawford, Carl Bricken, Robert Delaney, Otto Luening, Quincy Porter, Randall Thompson and Mark Wessel.

\* \* \*

TO apply for a Guggenheim Fellowship one writes to the Foundation's headquarters and draws a printed application blank with a standing invitation to fill in a folio of dotted lines and to submit the fullest possible description of one's project, and he lists a quotient of references. Their testimonials are kept as documents of confidence and are acknowledged by primly printed cards of thanks.

As a rule there are about ten times as many applications as appointments. The closing date for presenting application is November 15 of the year prior to the proposed date of tenure and the applicant must wait in varying degrees of suspense until well into the following March.

The four-month interlude of unknowingness must serve a two-fold purpose. It gives the powers of selection opportunity for mature deliberation and wears off any unduly sharp edges from the candidate's eagerness. That is, maybe it does, sometimes. As a rule the more promising of the candidates are interviewed personally before the time of their appointments or dismissal. We shall long remember our interview as an interlude of intriguing quietness.

We received a primly penned note suggesting that we call at the office of the Foundation at three Tuesday afternoon. We braved a gray and murky Manhattan afternoon and went.

An elderly woman awaited our coming, a sun-browned and somewhat wrinkled scholar who peered out rather benignly upon a world of which she seemed not afraid. There was a decided quality of motheringness about her. We liked her eyes, eyes closely perceiving, yet rid of all exorbitant eagerness to know.

The deciding factor for the Guggenheims had nothing in particular to ask. She ran over a series of test questions, obviously improvised.

Then she spoke of the advantages of a stroll out into the fresh air of Fifth Avenue, where, after all allowing, the traffic was not much more bothersome than it was out in her home town in Nebraska. So we walked

together up to the 42nd Street Library and parted with some very casual speculations upon the future of the Arkansas apple crop.

Three or four days later another letter came, courteously brief, stating that we had not been elected to the Guggenheim Fellowship. We were mildly surprised and somewhat disappointed.

We lit a cigarette and speculated upon a far green range of hills which we shall not see at least for another year.

We lit another cigarette and read over the list of elected fellows. A majority of them were men and women with whose works we were varyingly familiar. We approved of the list, in toto. The grounds for the appointments all seemed relatively obvious.

We speculated upon the 800 or 900 other candidates who had found themselves losers. Then, being the inveterate journalist, we drank a glass of port and started in on the next article.

We reckon on being one among the 800 or 900 who will apply next year.

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I T'S the comfort, speed, ease and almost magical beard-softening of the Barbasol shave that turns so many men into Barbasol Believers.

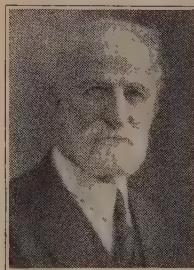
*Follow these directions and you'll be following the crowd—*

1. Wet your face thoroughly. Leave it wet.
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*for Modern Shaving*  
No Brushing—No Lathering—No Rubbing

REV. DR. JOSEPH SILVERMAN, for 34 years Rabbi of Temple Emanu-El, New York City, and Rabbi-Emeritus since 1922, died July 26 at the age of 70.



*Rev. Dr. Joseph Silverman* He was born in

Cincinnati, and

served as rabbi in Dallas and Galveston, Tex. He was only 29 when called to the pulpit of Temple Emanu-El as assistant rabbi. He was named successor to Dr. Gustav Gottheil when the latter died in 1903. Dr. Silverman was nationally known not only as a rabbi, but also as a writer, speaker, and scholar. He was a former President of the Central Conference of American Rabbis.

\* \* \*

A YOUNG Jewish engineer, who worked as a tailor by day while studying his favorite profession by night at the Cooper Union Institute in New York, has been appointed head of a gigantic industrial scheme by the Supreme Economic Council of Soviet Russia. The project involves an expenditure of 200,000,000 rubles and will, it is said, revolutionize the coal industry in the Don Basin. The fortunate young engineer, Noah London, will have charge of 50,000 workers.

\* \* \*

A MERICAN Jewish communities should not build any new synagogues for the next five years, Rabbi Nachman H. Ebin, President of the Rabbinical Association of the Rabbi Isaac Elchanan Theological Seminary, told the Association at its second annual convention in New York City. He said that since the stock market crashes communities have been overtaxed.

\* \* \*

RAY LYMAN WILBUR, Secretary of the Interior, and Chairman of the White House Conference on Child Health and Protection, has invited Dr. Louis L. Mann, Rabbi of Chicago Sinai Congregation and National Director of the B'nai B'rith Hillel Foundations, and Philip L. Seman, General Director of the Jewish People's Institute of Chicago, to become members of the Conference.

# A CROSS-SECTION

THE Eastern Branch Sanitorium of the Jewish Consumptive Relief Society of Denver will be built at Woodbury, Orange County, New York, as soon as the requisite funds are raised. The last legal difficulty was removed recently when the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court for the Second Department at Brooklyn declared void the local zoning ordinance. The site comprises some 250 acres, surrounded by high mountains.

\* \* \*

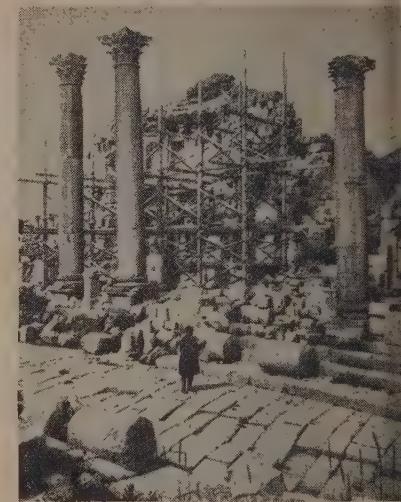
FOUR hundred and ninety-two children were placed in institutions, foster homes, and hospitals during the six months ending June 30 by the Jewish Children's Clearing Bureau, one of the 91 social agencies affiliated with the New York Federation for the Support of Jewish Philanthropic Societies, it has been announced.

\* \* \*

RABBI JOSEPH SCHNEUERSON, known as the "Lubawitscher Rebbe," after almost a year in this country, left recently for his home, Riga, Latvia. More than 2,000 Jews were at the dock to see him off.

\* \* \*

THE third autonomous Jewish region in Ukrainia was officially opened recently at Islutschista. More than 10,000 Jewish and non-Jewish peasants left their work to walk miles in order to witness the ceremonies, which were very colorful.



On the site of Sodom and Gomorrah, biblical cities of Palestine, archeologists are unearthing ruins like those pictured above. The street in this scene dates from the first or second century, C. E.

ONE of the most famous philosophers, scholars, and sociologists of his generation, Ludwig Stein, died in July in Berlin, where he had been living for the last 20 years. Professor Stein, who was 70, was born in Hungary, and was for many years Professor of Ordinary Sociology at the University of Berne, Switzerland. He began his career as rabbi of an Orthodox Jewish congregation in Berlin. For more than a quarter of a century he had been advocating the formation

of an effective League of Nations. In 1923 he lectured in the United States.

No less famous although in an entirely different field, was Dr. Leopold Auer, who died in Dresden, Germany, at the age of 85. Among the pupils who called him master at the art of teaching violin were Mischa Elman, Jascha Heifetz, and Efrem Zimbalist.



Above are shown two of Palestine's youthful Health Scouts inspecting milk in a dairy in Jerusalem as part of their campaign for improved hygienic and sanitary conditions. The organization, officially known as the "Hadassah Health Scouts," makes regular visits to bakeries, dairies, and food shops. It is supported by Hadassah.

# OF JEWISH LIFE

FRANCE has become practically the only country on the European continent open to immigration, and in the last few years there has been an influx there of Jews from Eastern Europe, notably from Poland. Most of these, through the activities of the Hias - Ica - Emigdirect, have become farmers and are settled in the southern and southwestern parts of France. With a view to bringing them together not only for Jewish and social contact but also to ascertain how they are developing and what further service they require, Hias is utilizing the Jewish holidays for gatherings.

\* \* \*

IMMIGRATION of Jews into Palestine has not been stopped but only "temporarily postponed," according to an interview with Lord Passfield, British Secretary for the Colonies, which appeared in a recent issue of

the *Jewish Daily Forward*. Lord Passfield reminded the interviewer that what the Balfour Declaration and the Mandate promised Jews was not a Jewish state but a Jewish homeland, and that Great Britain must also protect the civil and religious rights of non-Jews in Palestine. He added that the present government of Great Britain is not hostile to the idea of a Jewish homeland in Palestine, and intends to carry out the terms of the Mandate.

\* \* \*

PLAYGROUNDS modelled after and conducted like those in this country have become so popular in Palestine that four of them are being opened there, according to word from Mrs. Sundel Doniger, chairman of Hadassah's playground committee. A playground will be opened in Safed, another in Tiberias, and two in Jerusalem, all under the auspices of Hadassah.



Mr. Salomon is shown here with some of his priceless treasures, including 16th century Torah crowns, etc.

S. M. SALOMON of London, England, who claims descent from the royal blood of King David, possesses one of the most remarkable collections of Jewish art and antiquities in the world. He has decided to give it to the British nation, and that it should then form a permanent collection in Jerusalem under the pro-

tection of Great Britain. He claims that the collection, valued at 600,000 pounds, is really priceless, as it contains the only specimens of its kind in the world, many dating back to the fourth century. Mr. Salomon declares the collection was begun by his rabbinical ancestors 600 years ago.

THE beauty of justice has been given definite expression in Palestine, with the granting to Miss Freda Slutzkin of the right to practice law in that country.



Miss Slutzkin

Miss Slutzkin, who lives in Jerusalem, is the first of her sex to win this distinction, and is a very beautiful young woman. She was born in Australia, but

came to Palestine six years ago to study law. Those

who are working for women's rights in the Holy Land hail her achievement as a great step toward their goal.

\* \* \*

AN evidence of good will between Jews and Arabs in Palestine was seen in the gift of a valuable Arabic manuscript to the Jewish National and University Library by Nizar Abu Su'ud, an Arab scholar. The manuscript is the great Arab scientific encyclopedia. Other recent gifts to the Library include a collection of scientific works produced by the most prominent Czech scholars of today, given by the Czech government; and a large edition of Goethe in 45 volumes, from Emil Ludwig.

\* \* \*

ROUMANIA at last seems to be taking some measures to correct some of the disgraceful conditions which lead to pogroms and anti-Semitic outbreaks. High government officials conferred on the subject recently and as a first step decided to send police troops to Suceava where 2,000 peasants attacked and demolished Jewish stores not long ago. The officials announced that no mercy would be shown in cases where anti-Semites apprehended were confessedly guilty, or proved so. Meanwhile, the attacks, of course, continue.

\* \* \*

A NEW political party has been formed in Germany—the Constitutional Party—and at its formation it gave definite assurance it is opposed to anti-Semitism.

# A Layman Attends H. U. C.

By EDWARD E. GRUSD

**H**IS WAS one of those fortunate laymen who was privileged to attend the six-weeks' summer session at the Hebrew Union College this year. The courses ended August 15. Practically all of the 36 young women and four young men in attendance in the Teachers' Institute were Sunday School teachers from cities in many parts of the country, but the courses were, in effect, designed for laymen.

A friend of mine used to be fond of saying that what modern Jews need is less foreground and more background. And so it was with anticipation that I walked quickly up the low steps leading to the beautiful campus on the summer session's first day.

Two courses in Biblical History, taking one from earliest times to the fall of the second Temple; the Bible as Literature (all given by Professor Henry Englander of the regular H. U. C. faculty); and Jewish Theology (by Professor Samuel S. Cohon, also of the regular faculty)—these were my portion five days a week for six weeks.

Now, it is notorious that many Sunday Schools permanently ruin one's appreciation of the Bible, even as many high schools permanently ruin one's appreciation of the classics, and I dare-say some of the students assembled had their doubts as the courses began. Since most of the young folks either recently were or still are college undergraduates, it is not going too far to say that their ideas on theology in general and Jewish theology in particular were possibly likewise warped by their contacts with certain types of half-baked intelligentsia who inevitably coagulate on all campuses.

What was our relief and joy, therefore, to come under the influence of such men as Professors Englander and Cohon (as well as Professors Franzblau, Marcus, Maximon, Buttenweiser, and Lauterbach, whose courses were also taken by some of our class of laymen)! What were all the quondam quarrels of our immaturity about, anyway? So puerile they seemed, in this atmosphere.

Was the Bible, as we in our ignorance had imagined, a collection of antiquated *babbameisses* for the consumption of inflexible, naive bigots or *schlemiels*? Bruce Barton has termed the New Testament "The Book Nobody Knows" (including Bruce Barton, as

one wit put it), but by the time we had finished our courses we were ready to concede that the Old Testament was a book which certainly *we* had not known, but were thrilled to be acquainted with and even grow more familiar with in due time. Dr. Englander never failed, at appropriate times, to introduce the results of archeological discoveries in Egypt, Palestine, Babylonia, and elsewhere during the course of our readings, and these facts, many of which proved Biblical contentions and some of which corrected historical misunderstandings, made the Bible for us a living force—a vital, inspiring, and intensely human and moving document, through the pages of which our people developed naturally and logically from primitive and even crude beginnings to the heights of a world-culture. Combined with the course in the Bible as Literature, these sessions took on all the glow of genuine scholarly pleasure. What! Was the Bible then not only a gold mine of history, a treasure trove of wisdom, and an inexhaustible source of that delightful Yiddishkeit dear to the heart of every true Jew, but also a green pasture for poetasters, dreamers, and lovers of words and phrases? No less!

Well, then, let us have at it with might and main! It gives rise to desires for supplementary studies—a thirst for the historical writings of Josephus; for the books of the Apocrypha; for a re-reading of the so-called New Testament; for a study of the oral law which is now written; for a browsing among the many commentaries and travel works and archeological reports; and for a vast body of ancient, medieval, and modern cognate writings.

If all this sounds like a sophomore's enthusiasm at the sudden discovery of the essays of Hazlitt, let it be so; such discoveries are things of beauty, and can never come too late in life.

No less is true of the Jewish theology unfolded by Professor Cohon. With the definition of religion as "the consciousness of the sacred" (with which no intelligent person can quarrel) as the starting point, one of the most thrilling lessons any Jew could learn is the specific Jewish connotations and evolutions of that concept—connotations which extend to universal truths anent justice and righteousness and a good way of life, that is, living to the peri-

phery of one's potentialities and temperament. No spooks, no saints, no abracadabra here at all—but only a way of life springing from the experiences of one of the oldest, most intellectual, and truly God-loving peoples in history (with God defined as the unknowable source of all life, and the force making for harmony in a beautiful universe of immutable natural laws).

Not a single character in the Bible is without some human blemish; not a single theological concept is inflexible and incapable of growth and development! No idols to worship; no catechism to jabber. No single or group personality to "pattern" oneself after, but a whole history, a whole people, with all its virtues, faults, and intensely human characteristics and aspirations to love. No God-given formula without which nothing, but a dynamic ethic for week-days, weekends, and holidays. Here is something any intelligent Jew can joyfully hail as his very own, to use, to appreciate, to love . . .

All of this has implications, and lends direction to a bewildered soul. All of this is conducive to understanding modern life. The liberalism alone of Jewish professors in a theological seminary, who not only accept but welcome and eagerly encourage science in all its branches as necessary supplements to a constantly-improving way of life, is a thing not often found but devoutly to be wished, and cherished when discovered.

"Judaism," Dr. Lauterbach recently said in an address before all the assembled classes of the Teachers' Institute, "is not confined to the written Torah given on Sinai; it is more than the whole Jewish Bible. The Torah is the basis of our religion, upon which we have erected a magnificent structure which is Judaism. The Jewish Bible has a younger sister, 'Tradition,' which actually controls and rules her older sister. She introduces her to the people, vouches for her originality, explains the meaning of every word and expression of the older sister, and helps her to be modern and up-to-date."

During the past two months it has been our pleasure to grow more intimately acquainted with these two charming girls. At the risk of committing bigamy, we intend to marry both of them.

# An Educator of East Side Youth

By HAROLD BERMAN

**A**N entire epoch in the life of the Jewish immigrant was incorporated in the life and activities of Charles B. Stover, mentor of the Jewish immigrant youth of a generation ago. His death, and the place where it occurred a brief while since, curiously enough, embodied a symbol, an eloquent poetic gesture on the part of Fate itself. His death occurred in the very house to which he had dedicated more than 40 years of his life—the University Settlement—and in the very neighborhood and in the midst of the very people to whom his life had been dedicated in his earliest youth, though it no longer was the same, but a younger generation of the same race.

It happened in the Middle Eighties of the past century. The Jews of Russia and Poland, victims of the oppressions of the cruel Czar Alexander III, had just discovered America as the New Promised Land, the land that knew no discriminations of race, creed or group. To the shores of that blessed land of their dream they now began to flock in ever increasing masses, in their eagerness to escape persecution and to find a home in which their life and possessions would be safe. This steady stream of panic-stricken refugees kept growing thicker and thicker until hundreds of thousands of them found themselves in a strange land in which life had to be begun anew.

That new life was dreary, full of struggle and emptiness of all cheer and sunshine. They were dumped on the Lower East Side, in the dark and overcrowded tenements that were bare of all comfort and even of the prime necessities. To earn their livelihood, the most of them had to resort to the sweat-shops, where conditions were, once more, unsanitary, the hours of labor long, the pay that of a Chinese



Bust of Charles H. Stover

coolie, and employment seasonable and uncertain. The neighborhood in which they had their homes was infected by gangs and criminals, the off-scourings of a big city, while vice paraded the streets unmolested by any one. In such an atmosphere they found themselves, doomed to spend their own dreary lives, and worse still, to rear their children there.

The present-day New Yorker, viewing with satisfaction this great city with its multiplicity of amusement places, its social, recreational, and intellectual centers for all classes and ages of people, could hardly imagine the bare and empty city of that day for the poor immigrant. There were no clubs outside of the political ones; no educational institutions outside of the public schools; no centers, no groups, no circles or places of assembly for the young of that numerous class. From the public school the boy or girl returned to the cheerless tenement home, and from that home, it went to the street which made up its library, its club-house, and its educational center. And if some of the boys of these dreary days strayed from the straight and narrow path and became anything but a credit to their people, they are to be pitied rather than blamed. They were part of the price paid by the Jewish immigrant for his newly-found home of Freedom.

On this cheerless, and, one would be tempted to say, hopeless scene, there suddenly appeared a well-educated and idealistic non-Jew, who yet made the lot of the newly-immigrated Jew and his offspring very much his own. He had been educated for the ministry, had even preached for some little while to cowboys in the wild and woolly west, had studied in Berlin and London. In the latter city, he had observed with interest and admiration the work done at "Toynbee Hall" for the children of the great London slum. He came back to America resolved to do likewise for the children of its own crowded cities and districts, to extend to them in their present surroundings and poverty the benefits that he had found in operation abroad.



146 Forsyth St., New York City, the first home of the Neighborhood Guild. It first occupied the store on the left, and afterwards the one on the right.

\* \* \*  
IN a basement on Forsyth Street, in the very heart



Dr. Stanton Coit

of the congested Ghetto, there was opened one day in 1886, a modest little club called the "Neighborhood Guild." This guild was conceived and operated by Mr. Stover and Dr. Stanton Coit, who has since become the leader of the Ethical Culture Society in London, England. The attempt was modest in the extreme, a simply furnished room in the basement of a swarming tenement, and it had to struggle besides against the suspicious and the prejudiced people of the neighborhood, who suspected that there was some hidden scheme behind it. And the East Side did suffer a lot in those days from the prowling "Missionary to the Jews" who tried to lure the struggling new arrivals from their faith. But gradually the Neighborhood Guild made its way, attracting ever more of the boys of the section by its earnest and refined atmosphere, by the pleasant yet serious personality of its leaders, by its clubs and groups, its study circles, debating teams, lectures and so on. It was all new and different and so captivating to the spirit of the youth, that had up to that time lived in a social and intellectual desert. After some short period of activity Dr. Coit was called to his labors in Europe, while Mr. Stover remained in charge of that basement club in the heart of the new Ghetto in New York. After a while he succeeded in gathering about him a group of well-educated and idealistically inclined young men and women. Together with them he created the University Settlement, with a home on Eldridge Street, also on the Lower East Side, with a much enlarged scope and a far more ambitious program. Out of this parent Settlement has since

grown that marvelous net-work of Settlement Houses, spread out over the length and breadth of this land that are doing such incalculable good to the poor and the helpless in the congested sections of all big cities, in a physical as in an intellectual sense.

Not long after establishing the University Settlement, Mr. Stover became active in the Educational Alliance project, which did great work indeed, in the Americanizing of the Jewish boys and young men of the section, helping them towards an education, and launching ever so many of them on a successful career in business and in the professions. Many a man now eminent in the practice of medicine, in law or on the bench, received his first impetus and his initial inspiration through his contact with, and the influence of, Mr. Stover, the gentle yet steady flame of his personality infusing itself into and adding its glow to that of their own youthful hearts.

The Educational Alliance was then named the "Hebrew Institute." The first of its kind in America, it was a 100 per cent Jewish institution, organized and managed by the earlier-settled Jews for the benefit of the later-arrived Russian Jews. Yet we are not at all surprised to find this one non-Jew among the organizers. What's

more, he, together with two other eminent non-Jews, for many a year formed the chief intellectual light and guidance of the Alliance. The eminent Scotch philosopher and social scientist, Thomas Davidson, the American sociologist and student of civics, Edward King, and Charles B. Stover, made up a triumvirate that ruled the intellectual destinies of the Jewish youth through the Alliance. They were loved and looked up to by hundreds of eager youths of the Ghetto, who clung to them with affection and devotion.

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## THE ROMAN CHURCH

and the Italian government effected a concordat recently which gravely affects the Jews of Italy. A student of the situation, Louis Minsky, has written a clear analysis of this subject.

## SHOLOM ASCH

is one of the greatest of Yiddish writers. A translation of his "Silent Garden" will appear in the next issue of the B'nai B'rith Magazine.

## ENRICO GLICENSTEIN

has in recent years come to the fore as a leading sculptor in America. Much of his work is on Jewish subjects. Manuel Chapman, art critic, has an absorbing story on the life and work of Glicenstein in the next issue of the B'nai B'rith Magazine.

## AND THAT'S ONLY THE BEGINNING

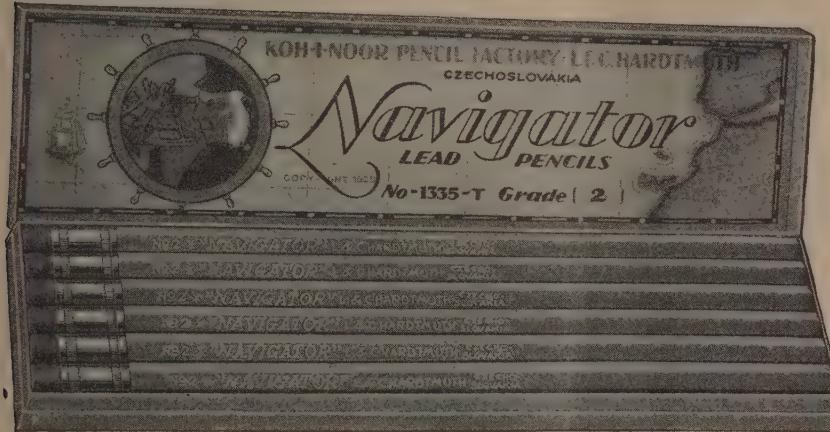
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# Portrait of a Father

By DON GORDON

*Woodcuts by Nelson Ronsheim*

**T**HE portrait is serene upon the wall. The face is that of a youth. The features are thin, with distinct, etched lines. The eyes are clear eyes that have distance in them and dreams. There is something a little old in them, too, as though they looked backward as well as forward. What they remember is not pleasant; but what they see beyond, unknown, gives them that sustained translucence.

The portrait was made in the Eighties. It is apparent in the queer coat with high lapels almost covering the inch or two of old-fashioned bow tie that fits snugly the slim throat. Something of the Eighties, too, in the features, in the air of purpose, in the splendid, bright belief. This is my father as he was in that dark country sprawled across Eastern Europe just before he followed the sun to the West. He was of the great band that came instinctively, one vision in their eyes. What one of them sought, all of them sought. They were separate symbols of a vast, symbolic yearning.

He was a youth when he traversed seas to find what his eyes had dreamed. Why did he leave the dark country? Why does the blossom move as the sun moves, out of darkness, blindly, towards that which wan petals need?

My father left the dark country because he was weary of uniforms, of bright flags flying, of sovereign music in the sharp wind; because under the colors, under the banners, behind the streaming sound, he saw blood, blood in the dust, men marching through blood and dust. Steel cried eternally in his ears, steel lunging at bone. Smoke rose always in columns, repellent, over the cottages of the dead. Men in uniform, clanking, shouldered him aside. He was to take off his hat a hundred times a day to all the empty ikons of gold and to all the empty ikons of flesh. The days of his life were before him like rows of pillars, stiff, prescribed, unyielding. He could walk between the pillars to the grave.

There were many graves. There were more graves than living creatures. So much death had gone above the land and lay in the land that even its fertility bore the aspect of darkness. The sun was remote, cool. Death was more intimate than life. This

world was old, dying, thinking of its age and its burials, thinking of nothing but the deaths that had gone and the deaths that were upon it and the deaths that were to come.

The sun glowed warmly as it went over to the West and my father knew that it slept over another land, a land pulsing with life.

What did he seek here, this slender youth with the shadows gesturing behind him and the dreams beckoning before? Only life and gentle maturity and space for the planting of the seed. My father wanted things for himself, visible, tangible things; but he was of a people who live for the generation to come more than for themselves. Even as a youth that is in his eyes, that awareness, that desire for space and freedom for the gestation and the flowering of the seed. America would



save his children from the streets of stone, the shadows and the walls, the blood and the dust and the thoughts of death.

My father has been a citizen of America for more than 40 years. America has given him safety, comfort, a measure of freedom. Here he has worked out his destiny and is still working it out unmolested. As far as his individual life is concerned, the land kept its mute promise.

What of his greater dream, that quiet, hidden dream of the seed? He was the essential father, the maker of the cottages of the people. It was his creed and his faith that the next

generation should know only sunlight and warmth and thoughts of life, life so strong, so beautiful, that death should be but a remote tremor of the breathless whole.

\* \* \*

I AM of the next generation. I am the product of the seed. I have known sunlight and generous days; life runs freely through my veins. I am aware of the dreams of my father for me and of the dreams of all those from the dark country for their children. How do we fulfill those dreams?

We have sunk the dreams of our fathers in the rising tide of our maladjustment. We are not finer, stronger, with a more dynamic life in our veins. We are weaker; we are negative, not positive; we lookward inward, not outward; we are old before we are young; we have meager hopes and no beliefs. America is to us a great creature born of the union of a time spirit and a place spirit that are alien to us and repulsive. We do not belong and we know it. And so we are restless and go up and down the continent.

There are some of us, it is true, who do not feel this at all. They have accumulated, they have those things that they could not have had in the dark country. Yet, even as I see the pride in the eyes of their fathers, so do I see the shadow of disappointment beside it. For this was but one small share of the dream of the first generation. They wanted us to have possessions; but more than that they wanted us to have a more spacious life, a finer sense of personal integrity, the consciousness of growth in a virile world of growth.

There are some of us who strangle on bread alone. We are unable to associate acquisition and pleasure, possession and satisfaction, national mechanical progress and personal expansion. We do not find the satisfaction of the life impulse in the ownership of automobiles, phonographs, radios, houses; in the proximity of telephones and telegraphs; in the privilege of witnessing cinema productions; in the right to vote; nor in the large, sonorous phrases, social and political, upon which our neighbors seem to fat-tan without a gasp. These are the husks of life and they do not nourish us.

We are native Americans. We know no other civilization. Yet, both deliberately and unconsciously, we send out our resistance in counter-waves. We never have that sense of solidarity with our people, that sympathetic acquiescence in time and place activity that permit of a gracious adjusted life. America looks at all its shining joys and is pleased. We look at the same things and the life force sinks like a stone within us.

There must be a reason. I look into the shadows of the past to see if there is an answer in those dusky shapes. Is it because something of that darkness stills to me? I do not know. Perhaps. Why do I not go to the dark country? Because that is more alien than my own. I cannot retrace the steps that are already decades old.

My father is a better American than I am. He has greater faith in the country, firmer belief in its integrity. This is because he is always comparing it with worse things that he has known. Always, in the background of memory, is the dark country. I do not have that darkness in my mind. I have nothing inferior to compare with America. I can only compare it with myself and with that which my imagination projects upon it.

That is the boundary of our separate ways. If something occurs that reveals to us the ugliness or the stupidity or the weakness of an American institution or idea, we of the second generation say that it is bad, an absolute evil. The first generation, however, remembers the place of death and still shudders under the cold shadows. It says that what we term an absolute evil is only a little thing after all, only a relative evil. We blame them for their tolerance, forgetting the darkness. We go our way, carrying our bitterness on our backs, heavily, like the old man of the sea. They look at us, baffled, thinking how young we are, regretting that we do not find here all that they had hoped we might find.

There is another aspect. There is too little in the external world for us to do. The pioneering is over. There is no frontier where we may swagger and speak of things to come and be a giant among men. We were hewers of wood and conquerors of great waters. Now we are a nation of shopkeepers; and some of us do not have the souls of shopkeepers. So we turn inward. We become introspective.

There is such a thing as too much introspection and we are guilty of it and suffering from it. The dark country is not for us; our own country travels where we cannot follow; there

is no external pioneering to give us our breathless hour; we deny the significance of shopkeeping, and so we grow in upon ourselves. We are sick within the circle of our thoughts.

Our fathers wanted definite things, definite freedoms, definite environments. They were too busy getting them to harrass themselves from the inside. The dark countries harrassed them so from the outside that it took all their strength to beat off the great dark wings and to plan their ways of escape. Then the new country absorbed them. And after that they had another generation, our generation, on their hands and they went on objectively fighting for sunlight for us. And so they did not become sick within the circle of their thoughts.

Wherever they, in their lives, were forced into objectivity, we, in ours, have been forced into subjectivity. Where our fathers were occupied in putting down roots in a new soil, we came to the same years and found our roots already deep in that soil. Where our fathers looked forward with eager-

us as it was for our fathers. Only the inner world remains for us to conquer and we discover that that conquest, when prolonged and when made exclusive of all else, is a sick process in itself and is in direct opposition to all the present processes of our nation. Three separate channels our fathers had for the conducting of their dreams: escape from the dark countries; the building of their lives in a new place; the preparation of that place for their descendants. We have all their dream vitality and none of these channels. Everything forces us in upon ourselves instead of into the world of expression. All our strength cries out within us.

Would death and the thoughts of death, would shadows and blood and dust be more potent than this? Is it only within the shadows and the walls that men may be great or may be aware of great desires? Was the dark country more vital, more compelling than this country of ours whose vitality has passed into its steel and its structures of steel? Stone and steel . . . steel and stone. What strange barters have our fathers made?

They look at us out of patriarchal eyes and they do not see. What if we open to them the sere flower of our psychic desolation? They will remember the dreams and their eyes will grow old; but it will be worse if we conceal ourselves. What will it avail if we fling ourselves into the petty mill? Will it make them happy to see us as undistinguished and indistinguishable ripples on the great, flowing river of countless ripples? No, it is better to tell them that inwardly we are desolate, that the cold, steady, lifeless stream repels us.

We regret this baring to the bone; but it is more wholesome than the secret brooding. We regret that we are not the fine fulfillment of their dreams; for we have respect for dreams, and among the few beliefs left to us is the belief in dreamers. We wish that we might stand before them like young gods. It is not easy for us to admit that we are ash instead of the flame they saw.

We cannot pretend without losing the final remnant of our integrity. We can only give them our hands in mute comradeship, token that we have tried and that we are trying. We can only let them see that sunlight, eternal sunlight, is not happiness. Flowers are less frail if they have to spiral their sharp way up through the clinging earth. It is not sunlight but the seeking for sunlight that is the long approach to happiness.



ness to the birth of the next generation in a new and favorable environment, we can only look forward to such a possibility with misgiving. For we cannot bear to think of creating life that must submit to a time and place spirit that are so distasteful to us. And there is no new country to which we can take ourselves and such dreams as we might have. We can only perceive that the next generation will be even more limited than ours, more circumscribed, forced into even greater subjectivity. There is no delight in that perception. Unlike our fathers, we do not begin to live for the planting of the seed.

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# JEWS IN FAR-AWAY PLACES

by JUDITH I. STEIN

**P**ERHAPS the most interesting of all the out of the way Jews are the Falashas of Abyssinia. Until a quarter of a century ago, the existence of these black Jews was practically unknown. In 1904, Dr. Jacques Faitlovitch of the University of Geneva was sent on an expedition to Abyssinia, and he reported that there were some 100,000 Falashas living there, 50,000 of whom had been converted to Christianity by missionaries, and 50,000 of whom had clung steadfastly to Judaism.

The early history of the Falashas is veiled in mystery. The historical belief is that they are the descendants of those Jews who settled in Egypt after the first exile. They directed their steps inland, and later, after the destruction of the second temple, they were joined by more fugitives. In Abyssinia they formed themselves into groups, then gathered in the same provinces, and finally became one strong, independent state. They remained as such for hundreds of years, and only since the last two centuries have they become scattered throughout Abyssinia in little groups and families.

Through all the generations, the Falashas, whose regular and finely-cut features prove that there is nothing of the African negro about them, maintained their belief in their descent from the Jewish race. They steadfastly bore the persecution inflicted upon them by their neighbors, the Moslems and the Christians. Tortured, driven apart, destroyed, the communities within the scattered groups remained loyal to Judaism, remained still "The Strangers Within the gates."

Dr. Faitlovitch, who has spent much time among these people, and done great deal to help them, says of their religion:

"The Falashas possess a Mosaism which their literature has slightly modified. It is this which has preserved them from assimilation and from the most abominable degeneracy.

All the travelers who have visited them have noticed their moral and intellectual superiority.

"Their belief, strictly monotheistic, raised their intelligence to a level which the aborigines could never attain. The Falashas worship a God of life, of righteousness, and of justice. They abhor all idol worship. They reject the Christian dogmas of the son of God and of the Trinity, proclaim the immutability of the Torah, and, like many other Jews, they await the Messiah, who will re-establish the Jewish nation."

Dr. Faitlovitch in his reports has brought to light many interesting details about the Falashas and their particular customs. He describes their homes which are always separated from those of the Abyssinians. The average Falasha village is surrounded by a hedge which serves as a barrier to anyone not belonging to their cult. Non-Jews may never enter a Falasha dwelling. The group always settles near a river or a running stream in order to be able to take the ritual ablutions.

According to Dr. Faitlovitch:

"Their homes are like those of the natives. They are shacks or huts made of wood or stone, cylindrical in shape, plastered both inside and outside with mud or clay. The door serves as the only opening for the light to penetrate."

From the reports of travelers, it is known that the Falashas have very little furniture.

Clothing, objects of value, and toilet articles for the women are kept in baskets. The interior of the hut may also be decorated with fire-arms, swords, daggers, lances and shields, and among the educated classes parchment manuscripts are hung on the walls. The fire-place is usually in the middle of the house, and the fire is kept up without interruption.

In each community there is a "Mesgid" (place of prayer). It is usually the same as the other huts except that in the important religious centers the Falashas construct their synagogues

after the pattern of the ancient synagogue of Jerusalem. The interior of the "Mesgid" is not decorated with any image, and the only ornaments consist of pieces of multi-colored material hanging on the wall, mats upon the floor, the Pentateuch on parchment upon the pulpit, sacred ritual vessels and musical instruments. The "Mesgid" has a court-yard, and is surrounded by a palisade of brush. This enclosure is used as a meeting place and also as a religious school. Admission to the synagogue is forbidden to all strangers and to those who are Levitically unclean.

The whole congregation assembles for prayer in the "Mesgid"; the place of honor is occupied by the priest and the learned men, about whom are grouped the men, and in a separate section, the women also attend the services. All recite or chant the prayers standing or seated on the ground; sometimes the services are accompanied by religious dances. With the exception of the Sabbath and the Day of Atonement, the Falashas accompany their prayers and their psalms with drums, bells, and zithers.

The Falashas carry out strictly the biblical ritual observances. The Sabbath is to them truly a day of sacrifices to the Lord. Everybody, rich and poor, cultured and ignorant, participates in the day of rest. All abstain from work; food is prepared the day before. After taking a ritual bath, they dress in festive attire, and take their families to the synagogue, where they remain until Saturday evening.

The Sabbath meal is eaten in common, rich and poor participating in it. These meals are prepared with more care and in greater abundance than ordinary meals. On this day they eat more meat than they do in general, and like all Jews they extract the blood from the meat and never eat it raw. They do not know of the prohibition against eating meat and milk together, and they eat lavishly of both, especially on the Sabbath. Before and after eating, they wash their hands, and recite a prayer.

Their annual festivals are the same as those observed by other Jews, but their dates do not entirely correspond with ours. They observe Passover for seven days, during which time they eat only unleavened bread, and drink no fermented drinks. The Day of Atonement is solemn, and all observe it rigorously; women and children abstain from food for 24 hours. They are ignorant of our national festivals such as Chanukah and Purim. On the other hand, they celebrate several half-holidays each month, to remind them of the annual ones. They also celebrate the day of the new moon; a second Pentecost, 50 days after the Feast of Tabernacles, and the fasts to commemorate the destruction of the Temple at Jerusalem.

There are no religious or class distinctions among the Falashas. The priests and wise men follow trades like everybody else. Only in the matter of headgear are they distinguished from the others; they wear turbans of white cloth, while the others, like all Abyssinians, go bare-headed day and night. They all wear a shirt with drawers and bloomers; but more than their neighbors they take care of their clothing and try to keep clean. The laws of purification and baths are scrupulously followed. By reason of this they remain immune from diseases which ravage the country.

In general, the Falasha woman is superior to her Abyssinian sister in hygiene, morals, welfare and character. She is free and emancipated, not constrained to confine herself to the house like the Christian women, nor to go out veiled like the Moslem women. She is admitted to all public meetings, and takes a lively interest in the affairs of the community. She occupies herself mainly, however, in

her children and her household duties, and often assists her husband in his work.

The family life of the Falashas is patriarchal and dignified. The children have great respect for their parents; they live at their side, and become their props in old age. The young people marry at the age of 18 or 20 years, and there are no bachelors. Concubinage and polygamy are forbidden. They admit divorce, and when a case presents itself it is tried before a judge, and the declaration is made in the presence of the parents of the couple.

The marriage ceremony is celebrated by special rites; they do not know of the Ketubah in use among other Jews; they merely require witnesses to legitimize a union. They regard the perpetuity of their race and their traditions as their most sacred duty, hence they do not tolerate mixed marriages. Like other Jews, they stress veneration for their religion to each succeeding generation.

The Falashas know all the biblical books and the Apocrypha as well. The order of the books of the Bible differs from ours, but there, too, the Five Books of Moses are a pivot. They look reverently upon the Pentateuch as their highest authority. They know nothing of the Talmud, but many of their traditions correspond to our oral laws.

All the books of the Falashas are written in Gheez. They speak the lan-



*A native teacher instructing Falasha children.*

guages of the regions in which they live, and they have no dialect of their own.

Formerly there were schools in each Falasha community, where the youths studied the Bible and other religious books translated into the local dialect. But revolutions in the country, the famine, and especially the invasion of 1888 by the Dervishes of Soudan, devastated all the schools, and the misery prevailing among the Falashas did not permit them to establish new institutions.

For years children were reared without any education at all until recently. Dr. Faitlovitch established a school at Addis-Abeba, the capitol city of Abyssinia. Classes are conducted by a small class of personally trained teachers. The pupils lodge and board at the school, many of them having to walk for a whole month in order to reach it.

The Falashas are an ambitious and an industrious people, probably the hardest working people in Abyssinia.

In all the history of the country it was not the people but fanatical native priests and converted Christians who organized crusades against the Jews, and made their condition so pitiable that missionaries found them willing converts in such great numbers.

Speaking of this 19th century conversion, Dr. Faitlovitch has said:

"Forgotten as they were for hundreds of years by the entire Jewish world, and not being aware of the existence of their brethren, it was impossible for them to combat this new enemy. But since they have learned that there are still millions of Jews in the world, the conversionist movement has come to an end, and a new ray of hope has come to the Falashas. They look to us to help them to establish schools and to secure books for them so that their children may acquire a knowledge of Judaism."



*Dr. Faitlovitch's American School for the Falashas at Addis Abeba, Abyssinia.*



# Stalemated!

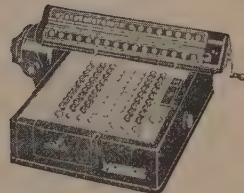
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By M. A. GRAY



EWISH colonization is now a problem which confronts Jewish leaders the world over. For centuries the Jew has been deprived by laws, regulations and circumstances from making his livelihood from the mother land. With the change of conditions in every country, Jewish colonization has become a very serious problem so far as the Jew is concerned. There are several world organizations at the present time in existence, which are doing considerable useful work in regard to Jewish settlement. One of the main organizations is the "ICA," (Jewish Colonization Association) which has spread its activities throughout the world, including Canada.

Recently there has been considerable criticism directed against the ICA in connection with certain dissatisfied farmers whom they have settled. As the matter is now in the hands of the Courts, I am not prepared to give my opinion as I see it in connection with this disagreement between some farmers and the ICA. I believe I will have the privilege of letting the public know the exact situation of this controversy when the whole thing is disposed of by the Courts of Canada.

The purpose of this article is to show what the ICA has been doing up to the present time and the extreme urgent necessity to encourage and increase Jewish colonization for the purpose of Jewish immigration, as they both work together. Unless we can encourage more Jews to settle on the land in Western Canada, there is a great danger that the doors of the Dominion will be entirely closed so far as the Jewish people are concerned. The regulations at the present time admit only wives and single children, fathers, mothers, single brothers and single sisters, and occasionally a domestic. The question, however, is how to bring in the father in order that he might bring forward his wife and children, as this man can only come as an agriculturist, in order that he does not become a factor in the labor market. No Jew can become an agriculturist unless he

has the assistance of some organization, as most of them are without funds, and can not, or in most cases, will not accept agricultural work. If we have been successful it was due to the wonderful work of the ICA.

Being a closed corporation, it is true that the ICA does not suit every one but until such time as we can form another organization which would do the same work, we must support and in some respects, admire the work of the ICA, as it is the only agency which at the present time saves considerably the immigration situation, which is getting worse all the time from day to day. As stated before, unless we can bring the head of the family as an agriculturist, the present regulations as far as mothers, fathers, wives, children, single brothers and single sisters, etc., are concerned, will be exhausted in a very short time. We cannot bring a wife in unless the husband is here, and cannot bring a brother in unless a brother or sister is here, etc. Due to my personal interest in Jewish immigration, to which I have given my time voluntarily for the last 16 years, I have been in close touch with the work of the ICA, which has assisted me in obtaining a number of permits for some who were not admissible under the present regulations, which means considerable. Consequently I feel it is my duty to bring to the readers a short history of the ICA and its work including its recent activities.

The Jewish Colonization Association was founded by Baron Maurice de Hirsch and was incorporated in 1892 in London under a British Charter with a capital of two million pounds sterling, which was subsequently increased to eleven million pounds sterling, the entire capital being provided by Baron de Hirsch and the Baroness de Hirsch.

Baron de Hirsch died in 1896. The shares of the Association are vested in the members of the Council elected by the Anglo-Jewish Association of England, the Alliance Israelite Universelle of France and the Jewish Communities of Brussels and Berlin and Frankfort.

The objects of the Association are to assist in emigration of Jews from Eastern European countries and their settlement in North and South America, and in any other countries the Association may see fit, in agricultural

and other colonies. By the terms of the Charter, no dividends are ever distributed, but all and any profits which accrue must be used for the purposes of the Association in its emigration and colonization work. The association is, therefore, a corporate body, established and operated for the purpose of assisting the emigration of Jews from lands in which they are oppressed to the newer countries, and in assisting in their establishment in agriculture and industry.

While it is philanthropic in character, it aims to prevent pauperization of its beneficiaries by insisting on the repayment of all advances made to them, together with interest at five per cent. The Association operates extensively in the Argentine, Brazil, Russia, Palestine, and Canada, and also conducts European offices in the countries of emigration, such as Poland, Roumania, etc. In the United States, its work is administered by an autonomous organization, the Jewish Agricultural Society of New York.

The investments in Canada to date are approximately \$800,000, and in two years a total of approximately 1,600 acres were broken in readiness for new settlers.

From the above, which is only a very short synopsis, you will realize what they are doing towards Jewish colonization in Western Canada, and as I stated before, unless there is another organization created that will do better work—and I admit there is room for improvement—we must support this organization, whose sole interest is colonization only and not financial benefit, provided as stated, that we are still interested in Jewish immigration. It might be interesting for you to know that the percentage of Jewish arrivals in Canada for the last four or five years has decreased yearly, and it is needless for me to tell you that Canada today is the only country to which we can bring the Jewish people, provided we do something in placing them on the land, as there is as yet no restriction towards agriculturists, except this year, when there are so many unemployed.

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# WE SEE IN THE PAPERS....

THE issue of Palestine is far from being settled. Both Jewish and non-Jewish publications still comment on one phase or another of the situation over there, and in a recent issue of *The Nation* we notice an article, "What Next in Palestine?" by Victor S. Yarros of the *Chicago Daily News*. Mr. Yarros takes the long view that Palestine is capable of enormous development, and that in another generation the present population of 900,000 can easily be expanded to 3,000,000. He seems to side with Dr. Magnes who, in a statement that caused a world furore among Jews some months ago, demanded that the Balfour Declaration be so reinterpreted that a state be formed "dedicated to the principle of equal rights, mutual tolerance, justice, and good-will," in other words, as Mr. Yarros writes, at once a Jewish, a Christian, and an Arab homeland. A legislative assembly, by means of which the people of Palestine will govern themselves through their representatives, would be the best method, Mr. Yarros thinks.

He says further that, once the Arab fear of being outnumbered by Jewish immigrants and outbought by Jewish capital is removed, the Arabs themselves will welcome the spread of Jewish culture.

"One thing is clear," writes Mr. Yarros, "no nation and no government can 'give' Palestine to the Jews. That land is not on the auction block. Those who are there cannot be overridden and defied, and whatever is done in the future in line with the Balfour Declaration will ultimately have to be done with the real consent of the majority."

\* \* \*

THAT excellent and liberal Catholic weekly, *The Commonweal*, comes to the fore again in defense of common sense in religion. Another Catholic paper printed an article anent the subject of priests in knickers on the golf course, and containing a quotation of a prominent layman that "It is awful to see the clergy lowering themselves thus far." *The Homiletic and Pastoral Review*, in which the article appeared, commented that what matters is the spirit of fidelity to duty and self-sacrifice, not the letter of convention. *The Commonweal* heartily agrees and adds that "today a gentlemanly, courteous priest on the golf course has a similar chance to exemplify and sometimes to expound the faith to which his life



is dedicated. If he takes advantage of this opportunity, and incidentally keeps himself from going to seed under the pressure of a sedentary life, we are all in favor of his 'lowering himself' a few feet further."

Doubtless similar issues have been debated in Jewish circles, and yet we cannot help but feel that all such arguments are distinctly foreign to the Jewish spirit, even when championed as intelligently and sensibly as the *Commonweal* has done. Jews have come under so many foreign influences since the beginnings of their history that they have in turn made excellent Babylonians, Persians, Greeks, Romans, Europeans, and Americans and have still remained Jews. We can hardly conceive of anyone arguing that American rabbis should not play golf in knickers, or not smoke cigarettes, or any other peccadillo which happens to be an expression of developing human life.

\* \* \*

WHAT Jew does not have his tale of how he was embarrassed because of his religion? From a source least expected comes the latest—from Walter Winchell, New York's most popular newspaper columnist. He told it to Meyer F. Steinglass in a syndicated and copyrighted interview which was widely printed in the Jewish press recently. When Winchell was touring the country as a vaudeville song and dance man, somebody back-stage made a slurring remark about Jews which caused Winchell to "flare up and get into a scrap which cooked up a big rumpus," as the columnist put it in his colorful "slanguage." A few days later he was severely reproved by a prominent Jew, who took Winchell to task for his strenuous defense.

"The next time I knew better," smiled the columnist. "Willy-nilly I found myself sitting at the same table with four Kluxers from Oklahoma. These southern colleagues who, taking it for granted that I was a good Methodist or a lukewarm Episcopalian (I can pass for a Gentile) opened up

in 'Mamaloshen' on the Jewish peril, Torrid slanguage, and tales of how they had shown the foreigners their low place.

"Instinctively I wanted to show them up, but there was the 'disgrace by defense' stigma. So I assumed a pose of disinterested and even sympathetic calm, and turned to my host. He was flushed—his neck was pink with embarrassment. All his efforts to inform the Klansmen that I was 'trafe' were in vain. Finally, when I excused myself to answer a telephone call, he jumped up to buzz to his ga-ga-eyed guests that I was not even a Catholic.

"'You know how things are,' they said mawkishly after I returned to the dining room, 'there are good Jews and bad Jews as there are good Americans and bad Americans.' I merely smiled."

\* \* \*

JOYFULLY taking it for granted that no "pompous lollipop" is wanted in any intelligent discussion of the issues facing present-day Judaism, Rabbi Moses J. Feldman launched a bitter attack in a special article in a recent issue of the *B'nai B'rith Messenger* of Los Angeles. He concludes that two causes are chiefly responsible for what he calls the nullification of all efforts in behalf of a virile, creative Judaism.

These two causes are the submerging of the Sabbath and the debasing of the Synagogue.

"It is beyond dispute," he writes, "that the consistent observance of the Sabbath imparted to the life of the Jew a strength, a beauty, a wholesomeness, and a harmony unparalleled elsewhere. Next to the doctrine of the Divine Unity, it was the Sabbath that mightily impelled him to seek 'with panting soul' light and glory, guidance and delight in the realms of spirituality."

Turning to the Synagogue, he asks, "if our spiritual leaders do not lead, it is largely because they are not permitted to act as standard-bearers and servants of a great Cause, but as hirings, promoters, and salesmen of a private corporation known as a Congregation, with the Safer Torah as business emblem. This, of course, is a direct result of our extreme tolerance in the matter of lay leadership . . . A fearful reckoning is in store if we do not bring about a general awakening 'speedily in our own days.'"

EDWARD E. GRUSD.

# LE MOMENT MALENCONTRÉUX

[THE UNFORTUNATE MOMENT]

When you have met your "belle mère" (mother-

in-law) at the station and have skidded into the

"lac" (pronounced lake). Do not worry *mais non!*

*be nonchalant . . .*

## L I G H T A M U R A D

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# THE PRINTED PAGE

## THE SURVIVAL OF JUDAISM

**The Secret of the Jew**, by Rabbi David Miller.

THIS book, by Rabbi Miller, of Oakland, Cal., is of peculiar interest to a Christian because the author seeks to explain the survival of the Jewish people. This has been due, he believes, to the traditional observance on the part of Jewish women of certain formal ablutions known as *Nidah-Tvilah-Mikvah*. Moreover he contends that the continuance of the race depends upon the maintenance of these customs.

The first reaction of a reader unlearned in Jewish lore, and lacking reverence for ancient traditions merely because they are old, is one of amused tolerance merely. Would it not be better, he asks himself, if the leaders in American Jewry were to concern themselves with the conservation of the past, and devote their energies more to a constructive effort to adapt the spirit of the old faith to new conditions.

Such a query would, however, be based upon a superficial and, in a sense, mistaken impression of the author's purpose. Really Rabbi Miller is trying to conserve a priceless element in the old faith—to revive and perpetuate an essential belief which, because it did indeed help to keep Judaism alive through centuries of persecution, and may still be relied upon to preserve the race, deserves to be called "the secret of the Jew." This is the belief that marriage, instead of being merely a social contract adapted to satisfy a physiological need, is a holy thing. Such a belief was a basic one in the ethics of ancient Israel. It is no accident that a Hebrew prophet (Hosea) used marriage as a symbol of the relation of God to Israel. This analogy would have seemed shockingly degraded had not marriage even in the eighth century B. C. been regarded as itself hallowed. The idea that Israel was to be a holy people (Lev. II: 44), implying as it did the hallowing of even the everyday experiences of life, especially stressed the sacredness of the marriage relation. This emphasis continued through the later centuries. The medieval church sanctioned marriage; the synagogue sanctified it. If Israel can be inspired to revitalize this idea in the modern world, incalculable good may result. The resultant good might go far toward fulfilling the ancient promise, "I will bless thee, and make thee a blessing."



While the writer finds himself in full sympathy with Rabbi Miller's purpose in writing "The Secret of the Jew," he is not entirely in agreement with the author in some of his opinions. Notably is this true in respect to the Rabbi's repeated denunciation of birth control. On this disputed question one may perhaps feel the more free to differ with him because there seems to be among contemporary Jewish leaders considerable divergence of opinion. Thus Rabbi Alexander Lyons of New York in the June issue of *The Supplement*, Rabbi Edward Israel of Baltimore in *The Birth Control Review* for May, 1930, and Professor Jacob Lauterbach of the Hebrew Union College in the 1927 *Year Book of the Central Conference of American Rabbis*, all express opinions wholly contrary to those of Rabbi Miller. All three of these men maintain that birth control is not inconsistent with the spirit of the Torah, which sanctioned the limitation of parenthood under certain conditions. For example, the mother of children of evil tendencies is especially permitted, says one Talmudic authority quoted by Professor Lauterbach, to make use of a certain drug anciently believed to cause sterility. In view of such lack of unanimity among the learned in Jewish law, one may certainly be allowed to question the assertion on page 190, "The Jewish religion does not permit direct birth control."

To the writer the attitude toward birth control assumed by the liberal Jews seems more defensible than that of the conservatives. There is no question that we are equipped with reproductive functions adapted to a primitive condition of society, but which are quite out of proportion to the requirements of our modern complex civilization. The healthy woman, I am creditably informed, is equipped to reproduce her kind 15 times during the years of her sex life; but our modern civilization is not, so to speak, geared to such a rate of increase. It would mean economic disaster. Quite evidently the

choice must lie between birth control and enforced celibacy. The latter, even the conservative Jew will admit, is more opposed to the spirit of Judaism than the former.

EDWARD CHAUNCEY BALDWIN.

\* \* \*

## A NEED WELL FILLED

**With the Jewish Child in Home and Synagogue**, by Elma Ehrlich Levinger (Bloch), \$1.25.

WITH so many American-born Jewish children growing up in homes where small regard is paid to religious ceremonials, Mrs. Levinger's latest book for youngsters fills an important need. That need is for elementary knowledge in children of the meaning of various customs and rituals of Judaism. In her book, the authoress explains in a lucid and interesting style the origin and meaning and use of the Mezuzah, the Zedakah Box, Talith, Chuppah, Kiddush Cup, Mogen Dovid, Seder, Shabbat, Matzoth, and many other things every Jewish child should know. It is an excellent text for school or home.

EDWARD E. GRUSD.

\* \* \*

## PROPHETIC JUDAISM

**The Prophets of Israel**, by A. W. F. Blunt (Clarendon Press, Oxford, England).

THIS is a handy compendium, excellently written, using the results of modern biblical scholarship in the service of religious education. The book is written primarily for Christians, and Jews using it must make a few necessary reservations. The author, for example, does not claim that the Second Isaiah predicted the coming of Jesus—he knows better than that—but he believes that only Jesus fulfills the prophetic picture of the Suffering Servant of God.

"The prophets, as a group," writes Mr. Hunt, "are very much the most important men in the Old Testament." He traces their origin from the holy man of primitive society, through the prophetic guilds of Samuel and Elijah to the great literary prophets of the eighth pre-Christian century, and finally to the last prophets and the rise of apocalyptic literature. The account is brief, the salient points well chosen, the studies of historical criticism well digested, and usually acceptable. Altogether, a most attractive summary, which any Jewish reader can use, though not uncritically.

LEE J. LEVINGER.

# *An Appeal to the Members of B'nai B'rith*

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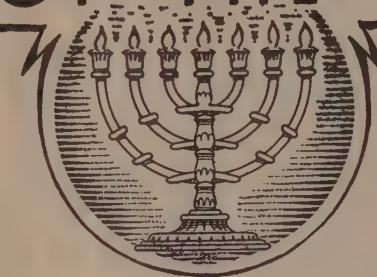
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# NEWS OF THE LODGES

THE Aleph Zadik Aleph of B'nai B'rith, as part of its future program, will sponsor Boy Scout troops, it was decided at the seventh annual international convention of the Junior Order in Oakland, Cal. in July. A. Z. A. Mothers' Day was changed to A. Z. A. Parents' Day. Efforts will be made to organize A. Z. A. districts in the United States modeled on those of the parent Order. The Shofer, official organ of A. Z. A., is to be enlarged, and will include a limited amount of advertising.

The growth of A. Z. A. was clearly demonstrated at the convention. The Junior Order now has a membership of 3,700 young men in 125 chapters, it was announced. About 500 members attended the convention.

Awards of \$50 each were made to Dan Krause, Braddock, Pa., as the boy who did most during the past year to promote A. Z. A. ideals; to Benjamin Weinstein, South Bend, Ind., as the boy who did most to promote the revival of Hebrew; and to Adriel Fried, San Francisco, for the most outstanding religious work. Charles Feinberg, Pittsburgh, was announced winner of



the national essay contest, and the Milwaukee chapter was adjudged the best all-round chapter in the country. The 1931 convention will be held in Milwaukee.

Aaron Tollin of Chester, Pa., was elected Grand Aleph Godol.

\* \* \*

IT looks very much like the vexatious question of who is the oldest Ben B'rith in the world has at last been answered. If there be any older than Nathan M. Jacobs, a member of David Lubin Lodge No. 37, Sacramento, Cal., who recently celebrated his 103rd birthday, let him speak now or forever hold his peace. Brother Jacobs was born in London in 1827. He has been a member of David Lubin Lodge for more than 60 years.



Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Mikola, of Springfield, Mass., are loyal members of Springfield Lodge No. 684 and its Ladies' Auxiliary, respectively. Recently, when the happy couple celebrated their golden wedding anniversary, a beautiful Menorah, the gift of the B'nai B'rith Wider Scope Committee, was presented them at a special meeting of the Lodge.

B'NAI B'RITH women of San Francisco and Columbia Auxiliaries, in District No. 4, succeeded in staying within the five minute limit allotted each of the contestants in a unique event held recently in San Francisco—a five-minute speaking contest.

Mrs. Jefferson E. Peyser was named winner by Prof. Arnold Perstein, Mrs. Henry Harris, and Hyman Kaplan, the judges, and was presented by George M. Lipman, former President of District Grand Lodge No. 4, with a handsome silver trophy, which Brother Lipman donated for the contest. The subject under discussion was "How Can the Jewish Consciousness of American Jewish Youth be Strengthened?"

\* \* \*

CHARLES KLINE, of Allentown, Pa., First Vice President of District No. 3, was for the second time in a year honored by Governor Fisher of Pennsylvania when the latter appointed him to the board of trustees of the Wernersville State Hospital. A year ago the Governor appointed Brother Kline to membership on the Pennsylvania-New Jersey Bridge Commission. Brother Kline is a director of the National Farm School and of the B'nai B'rith Erie Orphan Home.



B'nai B'rith Cemetery, Worcester, Mass.

WHEN the historian of the future will take pen in hand to chronicle the achievements of the Worcester, Mass., Jewish community, the brightest pages will be devoted to the group of men who conceived and brought to fruition the idea of the B'nai B'rith Cemetery." In these words the *Jewish Civic Leader* of Worcester, in a recent edition, praised the work of Worcester Lodge No. 600, B'nai B'rith, for its establishment of what the paper termed "one of the most beautiful Jewish cemeteries in the country outside of New York."

B'nai B'rith members first discussed

plans for the project in 1921. The first burial services were held in the completed cemetery in 1923, and in the seven years that have intervened more than 60 Worcester Jews have been buried there. The ground has been beautified, and built over at a cost of more than \$55,000. It requires a force of 10 men to care for the grounds. In the beautiful chapel are located all the facilities for the preparation of bodies for the orthodox burial ritual.

The B'nai B'rith Cemetery takes the place of a rocky and dangerous burial ground located at a great distance from the community.



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# Our Readers Have Their Say

(Note: Letters from our readers are not necessarily printed in full. Our aim is to convey the substance of the thought expressed in the communications. Moreover, for the sake of clarity, we take the liberty of editing letters which we publish. We invite inquiries on matters of a public nature and will be glad to answer them whenever possible.—Editor.)

## A Non-Sectarian Medical School

Sir:

It is with great enthusiasm that I read the B'nai B'rith Magazine, and look forward to it every month. It conveys such authentic information of our brethren scattered in all parts of the world, and its feature articles shed much illumination that is a matter of pride to all Jews.

One article in particular which appeared in the June issue, entitled, "Is the American Jew Paying His College Bill?" has greatly aroused my interest. First, since I am a student of medicine at Temple University, and secondly, learning of attitudes of other institutions towards our co-religionists, I am prompted to write these words to let our philanthropists know there is an institution that is liberal-minded, whose doors are open for those who wish to enter and learn, regardless of race, color, or creed.

The pre-medical student is well aware of the fact that it is a serious problem for him to gain admission to a medical school, especially for one of our race. In my own class over 50 per cent of the students are Jewish. In the other classes they average about 20 per cent. Jewish professors and instructors are far from being in the minority.

When we read of how our brethren are denied the privilege of entering a medical school in Europe, how thankful we should be to America, which has produced such a sainted character as Russel Conwell, a lawyer, statesman, preacher, and above all a lover of mankind, who conceived the idea of a "Temple University."

At present the medical school of Temple University is under construction. Endowments, scholarships, laboratory equipment, financial assistance towards the other projects of the school—these are a few ways in which the American Jew can aid in paying this much appreciated debt.

U. S. Veterans Hospital, Philadelphia.  
Joseph J. Jacobs.

\* \* \*

## Letter From a Jewish Prisoner

Sir:

It is my hope that when I leave this institution I may join some Jewish clubs. I would like to be a member of a synagogue. Incidentally, I would like to learn more of my race. I receive the B'nai B'rith Magazine and enjoy it very much. You would be surprised to know how many read it in this institution, and how much pleasure it brings. Especially the editorials and "Our Readers Have Their Say."

It seems to be a general opinion of those around here that there is a big decline in the number of Jewish boys who are going to prison. Moreover, with more Jewish organizations such as the A. Z. A. of B'nai B'rith, the Y. M. H. A., and others, there should be an even greater decline in the future. You must also bear in mind the fact that many who are registered as Jews are in reality not. But they claim to be Jews for obvious reasons.

I continue to look forward each month to the arrival of the B'nai B'rith Magazine. It is too bad it isn't a weekly. It certainly has whetted my appetite for more knowledge of my race.

Comstock, N. Y.

W. K.

## Go Thou and Do Likewise

Sir:

I think that one means for widening knowledge of B'nai B'rith among non-members is to have our members present to their friends a yearly subscription to the B'NAI B'RITH MAGAZINE. Therefore I enclose herewith two dollars to cover two subscriptions of this kind.

New York City. Louis Fabricant.

## Jewish Calendar

### 5690-1930



Rosh Chodesh Nissan.....Sun, Mar. 30
1st Day Pesach.....Sun, Apr. 13
7th Day Pesach.....Sat, Apr. 19
Rosh Chodesh Iyar.....Tues, Apr. 29
Lag B'omer .....Fri, May 16
Rosh Chodesh Sivan.....Wed, May 28
1st Day Shabuoth.....Mon, June 2
Rosh Chodesh Tammuz.....Fri, June 27
Fast of Tammuz.....Sun, July 13
Rosh Chodesh Ab.....Sat, July 26
Fast of Ab.....Sun, Aug. 3
Rosh Chodesh Ellul.....Mon, Aug. 25

#### 5691

Rosh Hashanah .....Tues., Sept. 23
Yom Kippur .....Thurs., Oct. 2
1st Day Succoth.....Tues., Oct. 7
Shemini Atzereth .....Tues., Oct. 14
Simchath Torah .....Wed., Oct. 15
Rosh Chodesh Cheshvan. Thurs., Oct. 28
Rosh Chodesh Kislev.....Fri., Nov. 21
1st Day Hanukah.....Mon., Dec. 15
Rosh Chodesh Tebeth.....Sun., Dec. 21
Fast of Tebeth.....Tues., Dec. 30

## Crane College "Avukah"

Sir:

There are 2,000 Jewish students at Crane Junior College. Up to this time there was no Jewish organization at Crane whatsoever. A month ago I organized a chapter of Avukah, and now we have a membership of 50. We have a literary circle where we discuss Jewish literature and history. We have a dramatic group which presents plays of a Jewish nature. In general we are creating a desire among the Jewish students to learn and be proud of our people. There are many students whose parents read the B'NAI B'RITH MAGAZINE.

Chicago, Ill. J. Bozman.

\* \* \*

## "Since Maggie Learned to Skate"

Sir:

In the June issue of the B'NAI B'RITH MAGAZINE there is an article entitled "King of Tin Pan Alley," in which Mr. Charles K. Harris is given credit for something that he well knows is a wide departure from the true history of

a song sung by that great comedian, Nat C. Goodwin, in a musical farce entitled, "The Skating Rink."

This version is evidently taken from Mr. Harris' autobiography in the *Saturday Evening Post* about three years ago, although in that version Mr. Harris was kind enough to give me credit for writing the words of the song "Since Maggie Learned to Skate," that Mr. Goodwin used successfully.

The fact of the matter is, I wrote both words and music of above song as Mr. Harris well knows, and if you so desire, I can show you a copy of the song published by T. B. Harris & Co., New York, in 1885, in which am given credit for both words and music.

Mr. Harris states he did not receive one penny royalty for above song—of course not why should he? I, however, did receive royalty from Harris & Co., as I told Mr. Harris several years ago when we were discussing the matter.

Of course, this is ancient history, and of no interest to the public, but I am tired of reading every once in a while this distorted history of "The King of Tin Pan Alley" in some publication. Although perhaps not a "King," still my own work in the past as author of such famous songs as "Because Always" and hundreds of others, entitles me to at least a share in the song-writing monarchy.

Brooklyn, New York. Charles Horwitz.

\* \* \*

## Bertha Kalich and Yiddish

Sir:

Mr. Louis Minsky's remarks about Bertha Kalich in the June issue of the B'NAI B'RITH MAGAZINE are most gratifying to me as his well-wisher, admirer, and family friend, also as her townsman from Lemberg. I fully subscribe to his truthful praise of this illustrious daughter of Israel.

But I cannot agree with the writer as to the actress' relation to the Yiddish stage which has nothing to offer her since she has risen to the pinnacle of her histrionic endeavor in English—only the opportunity to sacrifice her perfection in her consummate art by returning to audiences of a mediocre standard of intellect, of a Yiddishkeit from which every ambitious Jew strives to rise and acquire the language of his adopted country.

Persistency in Yiddish is no indication of racial Jewishness. It is not a historical or individual tongue; it has no structure and no grammar—only a hash of murdered Hebrew, and a heterogeneous mixture of verbiage from all European language. I see no reason for lament at its gradual disappearance; in fact, we should rejoice to see in it the evidence of the ghetto brethren's self-detachment from a jargon to graduate into a world-language. The excuse for jargon is in European ostracism, but not in the liberal United States, where the 20th century Jew not only buys and sells with the Christian, and walks and talks with him, but also eats with him, sleeps with him, and prays with him—in English, of course.

St. Louis, Mo.

Adolph Merdinger.

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# HUMORESQUE

## Sauce for the Goose

"MR. SILVERMAN," said the bank cashier over the telephone, "our accounts show that you owe us \$50. You have overdrawn your account to that extent."

"Is that so!" exclaimed Silverman. "Well, I want you to do me a favor. Go into your books and see how we stood in January."

A few minutes later the cashier phoned again.

"Mr. Silverman," he said, "your account shows that in January the bank owed you \$2,000."

"Well!" cried Silverman triumphantly, "did I tell you in January?"

\* \* \*

## Confession is Good for the Soul

GREENBERG was walking along the streets one day, and was weary of mind. By and by he met a friend.

"Nu," said the friend, "how are you?"

"Nit," answered Greenberg.

"How is your business?"

"Nit."

"How is your wife?"

"Nit."

"How are your children?"

"Nit."

"Well, good-bye."

"Good-bye. Good-bye," replied Greenberg cheerfully. "It is a true saying, old man, that after you open your heart to somebody you feel better."

\* \* \*

## A Questionable Sign

A SCOTCHMAN was walking through town one day when he came upon a dry cleaning shop with the following sign in the window:

"My name is Fink, what do you think, I clean clothes for nothing!"

Needless to say he hurried home and brought back all of his available clothing to be cleaned. When it came to paying Mr. Fink, the Scotchman began to leave the store with his clothes.

"Wait a minute!" called Fink, "how about paying the bill?"

"My name is Fink, what do you think, I clean clothes for nothing!" taunted the Scotchman. "The sign in the window says so in plain English."

"No," answered Fink, "in plain English it says: 'My name is Fink, what do you think—I clean clothes for nothing?'"

RUTH Berman, Duluth; H. Quittman, Cincinnati; and Mrs. Boris Brutschus, Berlin, Germany, are winners this month of Humoresque awards. Their contributions appear on this page.

## Service

MRS. Jacobson advertised for a servant. The first applicant who showed up was a buxom lassie who looked like she might be very efficient, so Mrs. Jacobson began to question her seriously.

"Can you cook? That's good. Can you take care of children? Fine. Now, my husband usually gets up at eight o'clock and we have breakfast shortly after. But once or twice a week he is forced to get up much earlier and on those mornings we breakfast at six-thirty sharp."

"That's perfectly all right with me, Mrs. Jacobson," answered the girl blandly. "I don't want you to feel at all embarrassed about that. On those mornings you can breakfast without me."

\* \* \*

## How to End a Letter

A BRAMSON had promised his friend Feinberg to ship some merchandise which the latter needed very urgently, but for one reason or another the master slipped his mind and the merchandise was not sent. Feinberg grew very angry and sat down to compose a vitriolic letter to the delinquent Abramson.

"My dear Moishe!" he wrote. "Who promised to send me merchandise on the first day of the month? You. Who didn't keep his promise? You! Who is the deceiver? Yours sincerely, Jossel Feinberg."



## Even Stephen!

"I HAVE had to remind you five times already that you owe me some money for more than a year."

"And I had to ask you ten times before you lent it to me, so we're quits."

## The Show Had a Moral

THE most intriguing present the young Lipschitz couple received at their wedding was a pair of very expensive tickets for a popular play. The tickets were accompanied by a note: "Guess who sends you these?" The young man and his bride speculated as to who the sender might be, but could not guess.

However, they used the tickets, and made a regular night of it, going to a cabaret after the theater. When they returned home, what was their dismay to find their house had been ransacked by burglars. On the table was a note: "Now you know."

\* \* \*

## The Strategist

THE blessed event, as Walter Winchell terms it, had occurred in the home of Mrs. Levy. She called her seven-year old son to her bed-room.

"Carl," she said, "You now have twin brothers. So tell your teacher that tomorrow we will have a family festival and that you won't be able to come to school then."

"No," replied Carl thoughtfully, "I'll tell teacher that only one brother was born."

"Why?"

"Then I'll be able to save the other brother for next week and get another holiday from school!"

\* \* \*

## His Reason

SOME tourists were walking through the Jewish cemetery at Prague and suddenly noticed a man weeping aloud by the side of a grave.

"Oh! that you should have died! Alas!" the man was crying.

The tourists, their hearts touched, stopped by the fellow and asked if he was bewailing the loss of a father or mother.

"No, no," answered the man, looking up. "It is my wife's first husband whom I mourn."